THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1807.

CONTAINING

The Duke of Grafton, a Sporting Character .... *Page* 107
Aquatic Sports 107
Astley's Wherry 108
Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Stud 108
Cocking—York Spring Meeting 109
Manchester 109
Races appointed in 1807 109
Duel between Mr. Hawk and Mr. Mellish 109
Blenheim Parva 110
The Volunteer Conflict 111
A Smart Walk for a Wife 111
More Sagacity in the Canine Race 112
Pigeon Shooting 112
Feast of Wit, Eccentricities, &c. 113
Juvenile Senator 113
Long Lease 114
Extraordinary Visiting Card 116
Secret Correspondence 117
American Advertisements 117
A Spinster's Origin 118
Election Squib 118
Anecdote 118
Character of a Soaking Sportsman 119
More Miseries of Human Life 120
Ignis Fatuus 122
Dining at Sea in rough Weather 123
Scene from the new Comedy of Town and Country 124
French Prisoners and the Newfoundland Dog .... *Page* 125
Trial for Bigamy 125
Sharps and Flats 126
Post-Obit Bonds 127
Careless Driving 128
Coach Owners 129
Pedigrees of the Winning Horses that ran in 1806 130
Adjutants—an Etching 136
Manners of the Irish Peasantry 137
The Humours of Whist—a Dramatic Satire 141
Moose Deer of Canada, and other parts of North America 146
Sporting Intelligence 147
Foot Race 147
Cricket Matches 148
Cruelty to Horses 149
Female Pugilism 149
Horse-Stealer Detected 150

POETRY.

Jotham; or, Adventures of a Brace of Borough Hunters 151
Margery Mump's Monody on her Dead Pig 152
The Riddle 152

Racing Calendar 25
Racing Intelligence Extra 38

Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of the Duke of Grafton, II, Adjutants, an Etching.

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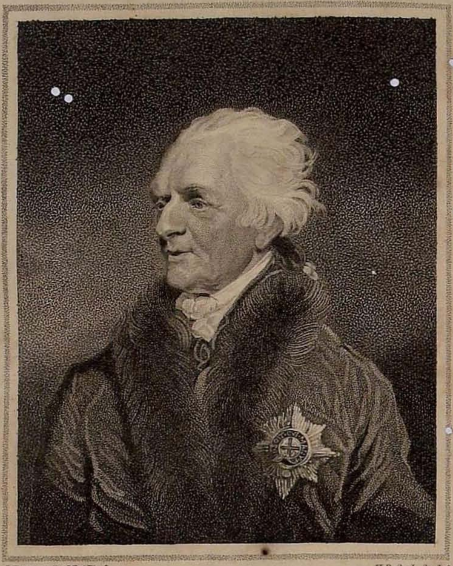
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Philosophical Sportsman* came rather too late for insertion this month: we are happy to hear again from our old facetious correspondent, A. B. and shall certainly pay the earliest attention to his favours.

J. M. L., J. J. B., &c. will find some of their communications in the Feast of Wit, &c.

Several pieces in arrear shall appear in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



J. Hoppner Esq.r R.A. Pinx.t H.R. Cook Sculp.t

The Most Noble Augustus Henry

DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G. &c. &c. &c.

Published, July 1st 1807, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1807.

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON;

A SPORTING CHARACTER.

IN this place is given the Portrait of the venerable Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, who was born in the year 1735.

His Grace having been a sporting man for the best part of his life, that part of his character more immediately applicable to our Miscellany will be given in a future Number. At present we have only to say, that permission to copy the plate (which was taken from the original picture), together with the engraving, have been attended with no inconsiderable expence to the proprietor: he nevertheless flatters himself of meeting with the most ample reward in the approbation of the numerous readers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

ON Tuesday, the 23d of June, an elegant Silver Cup was rowed for by six of the best cutters on the river, manned by gentlemen who sustain and row them at their own expence, and for their own pleasure. The agreement was made in this way—that the cutters should be rowed, not by their own hands, but by those of the others, on the fair ground, that they knew the trim of their own galleys so well, that it would be a fairer point to have those who belonged to one galley to row another than row their own. In this way they started from the Widow Smith's, at Milbank, on the flow of the tide, to the Swan at Chelsea, and returned down again, four rowing each cutter. Six galleys started, but victory was soon declared in favour of three of them, the Diana, the Northumberland, and the Venus funny. On drifting down, the Diana took the lead and kept it—was followed by the Northumberland, which was backed by the Venus. They came in in that order, and the Judges gave the cup (a most elegant one) to the Captain of the Diana: it was a well-contested race with those three gallies, and afforded much amusement.

A great number of boats were on the river, pleasure boats as well as others, and it afforded a pretty aquatic spectacle.

ON Thursday, the 25th, the long-depending Sailing Match, for fifty guineas, between Campbell Allan, of the Sally, and Captain Gardner, of the Victory, both of Horselydown, took place. They started from Cuckold's Point to Erith and back, which was won by the Sally.

 The

The match was one of the sharpest contended ever remembered on the Thames: bets at starting were ten to five on the Victory. When they arrived at Erith, they were as high as ten to one; but just before they were off Greenwich, on the return, the odds were in favour of the Sally, which increased as she came up the river, and beat the Victory by about a cable's length.

ASTLEY's WHERRY.

On Thursday, the 25th instant, the Wherry given by the Proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre, was rowed for by six Watermen, three from below bridge, and three from above; to row with sculls. The following were the competitors:—

Thomas Duffin, Lambeth.
John Oldfield, Hungerford.
Abraham Lock, Stangate.
John Evans, Tower.
Edw. Cross, Battle Bridge.
Daniel Shaw, Horselydown.

The first heat commenced at five o'clock, when they started, went up large on the stream, with the tide up, round to a boat off Cumberland Gardens, returned down the South shore, through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge, rowing round the beacon of the Lambeth Water-Works, and returned up through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge.

Lock came in .... First
Oldfield .... Second
Evans .... Third.

These three started for the second heat, and leading on just in the same line of direction, went up again, and returned back exactly in the same order. Lock won the wherry, Oldfield the second price, and Evans the third. The whole was a spectacle highly gratifying to a great number of persons assembled on the occasion.

There was another match of the same description for a Subscription Wherry, from the King's Stairs at Greenwich, round a boat moored off the Red House, and back again, by six youths, who had served their apprenticeships at Deptford and Greenwich. It was well contested, and at length won by a Deptford lad. A great number of boats were on the river, and the day being so very fine, the show was an excellent one.

SIR GILBERT HEATHCOTE's STUD.

THE Stud of Sir Gilbert Heathcote's late hunting establishment, was sold at Tattersall's at the following prices:

	Gs.		Gs.
Buffalo	310	Speculation ..	260
Dragon	360	Clipsham	230
Black Dick ...	210	Dean Swift ..	140
Crusade	195	Harlequin ...	47
Dungannon ..	310	Doctor	210
Ticket	130	Bruiser	135
Recruit	155	Verjuice	90
Osmyn	171	Marsden	125
Carlisle	110	Pitch	75
Comrade	140	Tinker	86
Magpie	85	Pilot	300
Pegasus	85	Admiral	70
Brass	65	Fortune	52
Prospero	115	Revenge	120

28 Horses.—Total 4495gs.

Buffalo was bought by the Prince of Wales, Dragon and Dungannon by Capt. Vyse, Ticket and Osmyn by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Speculation by Lord Jersey, Clipsham by Lord Middleton, Doctor by Lord Oxford, Bruiser by the Hon. Mr. Capel, and Pilot by Lord Yarmouth.

COCKING.

COCKING.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

THE Main of Cocks fought between the Earl of Mexborough (Gilliver, feeder) and Sir F. Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) for 20gs a battle, and 400gs the main.

GILLIVER.	M.	B.	THOMPSON.	M.	B.
Monday, ...	1	1	....	3	2
Tuesday, ...	3	1	....	2	1
Wednesday,	4	3	....	1	0
Thursday,....	4	2	....	1	1
Friday,.....	2	2	....	3	1
	14	9		10	5

MANCHESTER.

In the Race-week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between Sir Windsor Hunloke, Bart. and R. G. Hopwood, Esq. which was a drawn one.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1807.

STOCKBRIDGE......	*July*	1
Ludlow		2
Ipswich		7
Knighton		7
Newmarket		13
Preston		14
Winchester		14
Salisbury		22
Ormskirk................		22
Knutsford		28
Blandford................		28
Totness		28
Oxford..................		28
Edinburgh	*August*	3
Nottingham..............		4
Huntingdon..............		4
Chelmsford		4
Newbury................		4
Worcester		4
Newcastle, Staffordshire		5
Exeter		6
Southampton	*August*	10
Reading		18
Egham....................		25
Lincoln	*Sept.*	9
Kingscote		16
Leicester		
Doncaster................		21
Newmarket First October		28
Newmarket Second	*Oct.*	12
Richmond		13
Northallerton		21
Newmarket Houghton Meeting		26

MR. HAWKE AND MR. MELLISH.

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.

A Duel took place, on Monday morning, the 1st of June, a few miles from York, between Mr. Mellish, of that county, and the Hon. Martin Hawke, in which Mr. Mellish was wounded; but, it is understood, not dangerously.—Sir Thomas Gascoyne's son was second to Mr. Hawke, and Mr. Lee to Mr. Mellish.

If we may form an opinion of the above duel between Mr. Hawke and Mr. Mellish, from the following dialogue, which is positively said to have passed on their taking the ground, though the combatants might have been so far impelled by what is falsely called a regard to the punctilios of *honour*, as to be determined to go through with the affair, there does not appear to be any thing of malignity, or even irrascibility, in their demeanour towards each other.

" *Mr. M.*—Take care of yourself, Hawke, for by G— I shall hit you."

" *Mr. H.*—I will, my lad! and let me recommend you to take care of your own cannister!"

The

The seconds, on hearing this, agreed that they should not take aim, but fire by signal, which was done; when Mr Mellish missed, and Mr. Hawke's shot took effect, by passing round the rim of his opponent's belly, and then shattering the bone of his left arm; on which Mr. Mellish exclaimed, "Hawke, you have *winged* me! Lend me your neckcloth to tie up the broken *pinion!*" which was immediately complied with, and the arm being bound up, they both returned in the same chaise, as good friends as ever!

MR. MELLISH'S STATEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

Parlington Park, near Ferry-bridge, June 13, 1807.

"SIR—Observing in some Paper of the 11th of this month, an account of the affair between the Honourable Martin Hawke and myself, I have to inform you, that on coming to the ground, I certainly stated to Mr. Hawke, that I did not intend our meeting to end in child's play, but should hit him if I could. The remainder of your statement, however, not being correct, I shall beg the favour of you to insert this letter in your next.—I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"HENRY FRANCIS MELLISH,
Capt. 10th Lt. Drs."

Our readers will themselves judge of Mr. Mellish's communication, as far as relates to his sentiments about "*child's play*," and to "*hit Mr. Hawke if he could.*"

One of our correspondents is rather severe upon Mr. M. He observes on the awkwardness of the conclusion of the letter, and its want of information—

"Mr. M. says—'The *remainder* of your statement, however, not being correct, I shall beg the favour of you to insert this letter in your next.' Well, and what is the inserting of this letter in your next to do? Is it to shew in what way the statement is not correct; or is it merely to serve as a prelude to the important communication, that Mr. M. is the Printer's most obedient, &c.?"

The letter, we must confess, finishes in a very bald manner, and can only remark, that when gentlemen write any thing for the public eye, they should be a little particular in handling the subject, and in the choice of words for doing it.

BLENHEIM PARVA,

NEAR FINSBURY SQUARE.

MR. Hull lately opened a Repository for the Sale of Horses and Carriages, at the above place, where a great number of gentlemen attended, whom he addressed as follows:—

"*Gentlemen,*

"It is now four years since I first embarked in this trade, in Chiswell-street: but having unfortunately *started* with a partner who did not go *over the course* in a way that was satisfactory to me or the public, I thought it prudent to *pull up* within the *distance*, and let him go alone to the *ending-post*.

"Having purchased these premises, and taken my son into partnership, our utmost exertions shall be used to conduct the horse-trade upon a plan that will, we hope, insure us the custom and confidence of both seller and buyer, and which can only be accomplished by acting

with

with the most strict integrity and impartiality to both. By pursuing this system, we trust we shall be enabled completely to do away an impression which has been made on the public mind, extremely injurious to a trade of this description, in consequence of the trick and jockeyship that, we are sorry to say, have, no doubt, been too frequently and too successfully practised."

THE
VOLUNTEER CONFLICT.

NORWICH, JUNE 13.

THE King's Birth-day was celebrated throughout this county with the accustomed demonstrations of joy. An incident, however, occurred, which, in its consequences, threw a great *damp* on the festivity of many of his Majesty's liege subjects.

In a certain market-town of this county, there are two respectable Volunteer corps—one of cavalry, the other of infantry. A dispute unfortunately arose between these corps, on a point of *precedence*, which, after much altercation, was decided in favour of the cavalry. The corps went through their evolutions, and fired in honour of the day; they, however, did not think proper to dine together, but retired to separate houses.

In the evening, according to annual custom, the town engine was brought out, and played in the market-place by the usual persons, amongst whom are several of the infantry corps. Now, it so happened that the windows of the Inn, where the *Chevaliers* were taking their wine after dinner, stood most invitingly open; the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and the *Engineers*, watching their opportunity, poured in such streams of muddy water, as in a short time cleared the table of decanters and glasses, and (as Major Sturgeon, in the play, says) "threw the whole line into confusion."—Indignant at this attack, the troopers left the room, "by ones, by twos, by threes," and proceeding to the stables, mounted their horses, with a determination of taking ample vengeance on their assailants. Having formed line, they advanced to the charge; the infantry at the engine stood firm as a rock, and when the troop came within a few yards of them, they threw in such a liquid "volley to the front," as made the cavalry on their right and left backwards wheel, and finally to retreat, *covered* with every thing but glory. The horsemen, notwithstanding this repulse, soon after rallied again, and changing their mode of attack, divided their forces, fell upon the *Engineers* in every direction, and drove them into the middle of the stagnant pool, from whence they had drawn their ammunition, and means of annoyance.

A SMART WALK FOR A WIFE.

SOME few days ago, a man went from Dallington to Hellingly, to be married; but not being provided with a certificate of the banns having been regularly published, the Minister was under the necessity of postponing the wedding till the following day, not thinking it possible that the man could return in time, so great a distance, on foot, for

for the performance of the ceremony sooner. He was, however, determined to make the attempt, and after pulling off his hat, and committing it to the care of his intended bride, started from the church-yard, at full speed, and returned to Hellingly twenty minutes before twelve, completing a distance of nearly twenty miles in exactly two hours and thirty-five minutes, to the great joy of the betrothed damsel, who anxiously waited his arrival, which had no sooner taken place, than a congratulatory salute was exchanged, when the fond couple repaired to the hymeneal altar, and were made happy. The bridegroom is small of stature, about 25 years of age, and of course wholly unprepared for such a pedestrian enterprise.

MORE SAGACITY IN THE CANINE RACE.

A Provincial Paper relates, that a Shepherd lately, on his return home a little top-heavy, slipped into a deep dyke, which the late rains had filled with water; with great difficulty he got his head to the bank, but was unable to extricate himself further. The shepherd's dog, observing the calamitous situation of his master, ran to the door of the cottage, about two closes distant, and after howling and scratching some time, drew his mistress to the spot, where she found '*sober Tummas*,' very coolly hiccoughing with his chin just above water. With great difficulty, she dragged him from his perilous situation.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Match for fifty guineas took place on Tuesday, the 23d, on Finchley Common, between Mess. Moreton and Collison, celebrated shots, which afforded unusual diversion. Moreton went on the ground to shoot with a Mr. Wells for one hundred guineas, play or pay. Mr. Wells had met with an accident, and Moreton received forfeit.—The match having been made with Collison, the shots were decided as follow :—

SHOTS.	MORETON.	SHOTS.	COLLISON.
1.	Hit, and fell out of bounds. . .	1.	Killed. . . . .
2.	Missed	2.	Killed. . . . .
3.	Killed.	3.	Killed. . . . .
4.	Killed.	4.	Killed. . . . .
5.	Hit.	5.	Killed. . . . .
6.	Fell out of bounds.	6.	Hit. . . . .
7.	Killed.	7.	Killed. . . . .
8.	Killed.	8.	Killed. . . . .
9.	Killed.	9.	Missed . . . .
10.	Killed.	10.	Hit. . . . .
11.	Killed.	11.	Killed. . . . .

The match, it will be seen, was well contested, as Collison's success depended on killing the last bird. There were several minor matches, which concluded the sports of the day.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THREE village toss-pots agreed to try who could tell the greatest lie, for a stake made up by some of the company. The two first that tried, told most *twanging* ones; but the third, who was known to be the most notorious liar in the village, despairing of inventing a lie equal to their's, exclaimed, "I shall not try to exceed you in lying, for it is well known *I never told a lie in my life!*"—It scarcely need be added, that he gained the stake.

DURING the late election, when the weather was very wet, and consequently the streets extremely muddy, a person known to have received a bribe, told his friend he had a fall near the hustings, saying his foot slipped, and he fell *clean* down.—"Then I presume," said his friend, "you got up *dirty*."

DURING the late contest for Westminster, a person, who was always anxious to know the state of the poll, put the following question to a wag:—"Pray, Sir, who's got *a head* to day?" He replied, "Why, thank God, *I have*, for one, and if you *had not*, you would be unable to ask so foolish a question."

A YOUNG lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye *smart*." "Indeed!" said she; "well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."

LATELY died, at Woodbridge, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs. *Gall*, widow.—No doubt she is *bitterly* mourned by her friends.

A WAG, on hearing that the Turks fired at our fleet with stone balls, remarked, that our tars would like playing at *marbles* with them very well.

THE phrase of candidates *starting* for the representation of boroughs and counties, is, no doubt, taken from Newmarket; with this difference, that he who carries most *weight* is sure of the *race*.

THE Rector of a good fat living, during the late general election, addressed a letter to his parish clerk, in which he *commanded* him to vote for a candidate who was well known to be a Court hireling. Honest *Stave* answered the mandatory epistle in these words:—"Your Reverence is appointed to preach the Gospel, and I to raise psalms to the glory of God. The God whom we serve, made man *free*; it cannot be for his glory to make him a slave.—You should not, then, preach such doctrine. But do as you will, you must not have my *amen* to any thing I am not assured is orthodox."

JUVENILE SENATOR.—The celebrated Lord Falkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave Member objected to his *youth*, and said, "He looked as if he had not sown his *wild oats*."—The young Lord replied with great quickness, "Then I am

I am come to the proper place, where there is a *goose* to pick them up!"

The frequent recurrence of names of places beginning with *kill,* is not a little alarming to a stranger in Ireland, more especially if he be under the influence of those foolish prejudices which have been excited against that country. I have (says Carr, in his 'Stranger in Ireland') just enumerated, in my memory, no less than 49 of those *kill* places. The name produced the following ridiculous mistake: When some of our militia regiments were in Ireland, during the rebellion, a soldier, a native of Devonshire, who was stationed at an out-post, stopped a countryman, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going? The fellow replied, "And my name, my dear honey, is Tully-hog; and, d'ye see, I have just been to *Killmany,* and now I am going to *Killmore;*" upon which the sentinel immediately seized him, expecting to receive a high reward for having apprehended a most sanguinary rebel, by confession just come from murder, and going to a fresh banquet of blood.

In Dublin there are several little stands of shoe-blacks, where there is much pleasantry. One day, an Englishman having availed himself of the convenience of one of these stalls, paid his little shoe-black with considerable haughtiness; upon which the young dirty urchin said, when his customer had proceeded a little way from his stall, "By my shoul, all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave it you."

Long Lease.—A Mr. Woodley, near Cork, in Ireland, has advertised a mansion and demesne not far from that city, to let on lease, for the term of *nine thousand nine hundred years!*

A bookseller being asked his opinion of the dissolution of Parliament, said, he thought it was rather hard that those members, who had fulfilled "the Whole Duty of Man," should scarce be allowed a "Week's Preparation;" that the electors of the United Kingdom should not trust to "Title Pages;" that they should look into the "Table of Contents," and the "Index to the Votes;" that "quartos and pocket volumes" should, on such a momentous occasion, be left out of the question; and that "old Editions," in good preservation, without spot or stain, should be preferred to new ones, though "gilt;" and that the Constitution of England would, he hoped, be the favourite text; and every one that opposed it be "hot-pressed," and "strongly bound."

Although a certain facetious *alderman* has been joked with, somewhat roughly, as to his zeal for *religion,* he has more knowledge of the subject than many persons are willing to allow. In answer to a friend, who asked him what he meant by the Protestant *Interest?* he very readily replied—"*Five per cent.* upon a *principal,* and a *bonus!*"

An old national diversion has lately been revived at Pisa, by order of the Queen of Etruria. It is called *Givoco del Ponte.* As the river Arno divides the town into North and South, 180 inhabitants of the North quarter contend with an equal number of the South quarter, for the possession of its marble bridge. They attack by divisions

of

of thirty: the struggle lasts three quarters of an hour, and consists merely in the parties pushing against and driving back each other. Those who penetrate beyond the middle of the bridge are proclaimed victors. The feast concludes with a splendid repast, and a ball. Pisa being a Greek colony, it is thought to be a remnant of the ancient Greek games. It had not been celebrated these twenty-two years.

A CURIOUS circumstance occurred at the White Hart Inn, at Guildford, at the close of the late Surry election:—Some of the electors, not content with drinking as much as possible at the expence and liberality of Mr. Thornton (one of the successful candidates), pocketed several bottles of wine, which being found to go off remarkably fast, two gentlemen, suspecting some foul play was going forward, placed themselves at the foot of the stairs, and in the pockets of whomsoever they discovered a bottle, cut off the skirts of the coat, with the pocket and bottle, and sent them to the landlord. From shame, or whatever cause, those who had thus their coats cut, made the best of their way out of sight; so that no discovery was made, and the gentlemen cut off coat-skirts to the number of *seventeen!*

THE Journeymen Tailors at Sheerness lately struck, in order to obtain an increase of wages. The Masters appointed a meeting at a public-house to receive, and if possible, adjust their claims, which coming to the knowledge of some Naval Officers, whose ships are fitting at that port, and in want of hands, they paid them a visit, and selecting ten of the stoutest, took them on board, where they will, no doubt learn, and on the return of peace, be able to inculcate into the minds of their brother snips, the wholesome sea-doctrine of—*never to strike.*

AN intelligent and amusing traveller says, that a Portuguese beggar, when going to solicit charity, puts on his *best* clothes. This circumstance places the Portuguese mendicants far above our *beggars*, who have usually but one set of *habits*, all of which are *equally bad.*

A GENTLEMAN passing through a country village in Ireland, had occasion to take a cheerful glass in company with a plain countryman. The latter being called upon for a toast, replied, "I'll give you *Catholic Emancipation.*" The gentleman, wishing to know what his companion understood by that term, requested an explanation of it. The rustic appeared confounded for a moment, having probably never thought of the subject before, and then exclaimed, "*Paddy Murphy and the Priest!!*"

PREVIOUS to the late Election it was humourously observed—— "From the number of respectable Gentlemen of the *brewing* trade who have *started* as Candidates at the ensuing Election, it is to be hoped that they will turn their *heads* to Parliamentary business, without being too *frothy*: that their principles will be as *clear* as *amber*; and that they will not *hop* over to the Minister, but shew themselves *stout* patriots. In examining into the national expences, they must avoid some former examples, and not let themselves be made *entire butts* in St. Stephen's Chapel; and, in their study of economy, take care

 that

that "what is saved at the *spiggot* is not lost at the *bunghole*."

Of all the Election Addresses lately seen, the following, by a Gentleman, to a Borough for which it was reported he was invited to stand Candidate, is by far the most extraordinary. He says,

"I am induced through the medium of your County Paper, as my first duty and attention, from *the numerous civilities and protection, which I have* experienced in the early part of my life, among the inhabitants of your ancient Borough, to intimate, that in *no epocha of my ambition*, have I been anxious for a seat in Parliament; indeed, it has ever only been my *study to move in a sphere of life*, with *the companions of my birth, rank, and education*, without endeavouring to soar into a situation, which would inevitably, in Parliamentary duty, take me from your conviviality and friendship. Whatever therefore, Gentlemen, may be your wish in the choice of a Candidate, I trust that I may *not be singled as your feeble Representative*, desiring *only to be considered as a man of independent principles, living among you, under the same planet, with* uninterrupted unanimity and concord."

Extraordinary Visiting Card.—A letter from Vienna, dated March 20th, says—"The celebrated Haydn daily feels more and more the infirmities of old age; and it is not without the most melancholy sensations that he perceives the decay of the brilliant genius which he received from nature. He lately left, as a visiting-card, at the house of the Abbé Studler, *Maitre de Chapelle* of the metropolis, a musical theme, or words to the following effect:—"My strength forsakes me; the lyre will not sound under my enfeebled fingers, &c." The Abbé did not fail to take a card, the following day, to Haydn, to which was also added a musical reply, in these terms:—'Why speak of your age? what you have created will not pass away; the name of Haydn is immortal.' The music-sellers immediately had both these extraordinary visiting-cards engraved."

To take one person for another is a very common circumstance, but that a person should *take another for himself*, few, if any, ever heard of before: yet, in the year 1802, in the Upper Room at Bath, Mr. K—v—h going from the large room to one of the others, was met by Col. C——. They both came to the door at the same time—Mr. K—v—h thought that it was a mirror: when the door opened, and Col. C—— spoke to him, he exclaimed, "By J——s, Sir, *I took you for myself, and I thought I never looked so well in all my life.*"—This I had from Mrs. K—v—h, who has likewise owned, that she herself has spoken to Col. C. thinking him her husband.

When Peter Beckford, Esq. was at Turin, in his younger days, *fat* coachmen, not men of *light weight*, were all the fashion. The Marquis *Prie* sent to Paris for the fattest that could be procured, and the first day he drove, he ran him against a post. *Prie*, with the greatest composure, said, letting down the foreglass of his window, "*Econtez mon ami, ce n'est pas tout d'avoir un gros ventre, il faut le savoir conduire.*"——"Hark ye, friend, it is not sufficient to have a great belly—you ought to know how to guide it."

SECRET

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A YOUNG lady, newly married, being obliged to shew her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend :

" I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sensations which now swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend .... and not as a play-thing, or menial slave, the woman of his choice........... Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor. I am sure my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I was more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word .... and to crown the whole, ... my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

N. B. The key to the above letter (in cypher) is, to read the first, and then every alternate line only.

AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

" *Much wanted*—A neat, well-behaved female, to do kitchen-work, in a small family, at Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the fish-kettle; may go to meeting, but not to believe in the divinity of Elias Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers.—— Enquire at the Repertory Office, near Boston."

" *Fashionable Intelligence.*—John Richard Deborous Higgins, Ladies' Hair-dresser, from New York, takes the earliest opportunity to inform the Ladies of Philadelphia, that, in compliance with earnest and reiterated intreaties, he has arrived at this city, and intends to make it the place of his residence long enough to develope *character* and *design*; or, in other words, he means to employ some days to the best employment of his talents in the line of his profession. Of the various duties of a hair-dresser of eminence, none excites more anxious concern than that of turning his abilities to the most profitable account for himself, and most for the happiness of others.

" J. P. D. HIGGINS,
14, Chesnut-street."

" *Barbecue.*—The citizens generally, of all parties, are respectfully invited to partake of a Barbecue on Saturday next, at the spring

on

on Monocasy, near Slorer's White-house Tavern, two miles from Frederick, on the Lancaster road. The candidates are all respectfully requested to attend, as it is expected there will be a *political discussion*, that the people may then have an opportunity of being fully informed on public subjects, by hearing both sides, face to face, in an open and fair manner.

A SPINSTER'S ORIGIN.

TO spin with art, in ancient times has been
Thought not beneath the noblest Dame, or Queen.
From that employ, then, maidens had the name
Of *Spinsters*, which the moderns seldom claim.

But since to cards each damsel turns her mind,
And to that dear delight is more inclin'd,
Change the fair name of Spinster to a harder,
And let each maiden now be call'd—a *Carder!*

THE following Election Squib was lately circulated at York:—

"Dr. Katterfelto, jun. begs leave to inform his numerous friends and customers, that his performances in the City of York will close this week, and that afterwards he shall renew them in the Castle Yard, where he hopes to exhibit for several days, should his employers be able to *find money* to carry on their exertions.

"He professes that he surpasses every other man in the kingdom in the arts of tricking, deception, and delusion. He will undertake to make his admirers believe, that their best friends are their greatest enemies; that promises are like pie-crusts, made for no other purpose but to be broken; that because men have served you faithfully for many years, they will now cease to do so; and that those who have never served you at all are most worthy of your confidence. He will undertake to shew you that war is better than peace, that want is preferable to plenty, that taxes are a blessing, that peculators are honest men, that Lord Melville is an angel, and that all who think differently from him are Devils. In short, he will make you believe that black is white, and that he is the only perfect being in the world.—Those who wish for private lessons, are referred, for further particulars, to the Professor himself, who may be found (for the convenience of lunatic patients) near the Asylum, York.

A FLING at the late Ministers.—In the late political cricket-match, the *wickets* of the Opposition went down so fast, that their fall was not always duly observed. The public cheered loudly, however, as the *stumps* of any of the *Cabinet Players* fell. The loudest plaudits of all were, when Lord Howick himself was *caught out!*

A POOR Actor, at Norwich, personating *Grainger*, in the Farce of *Who's the Dupe?* on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to *Gradus*'s Greek quotation, where *Old Doily* sits as umpire, began thus —"*O raina nighto! spoilo beneficio quito.*"

ANECDOTE.—General Doyle, on being informed by a traveller that he had been in a country where the *bugs* were so large and powerful, that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, wittily replied, "My good, sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but there we call them *Hum-bugs!*"

CHA-

CHARACTER OF A SOAKING SPORTSMAN.

JACK GUZZLE is well known at all the public dinners in this county, where he is famous for carrying away more wine than any three of his associates, and for the drunken quarrels in which he is frequently involved. His long and early habits of drinking would have killed any other man. His father, an honest country fox-hunter, after having lived single for many years, at last thought proper to take to himself a wife; and Jack was the only issue of the marriage. He was taught in his early infancy, even before he could speak articulately, to give the view-halloo; and he attended his father to the field at the age of six years. He soon learned to drink with the huntsmen, and at twelve could take off his dram with a smack. All these accomplishments so endeared him to the honest fox-hunter, his father, that although often requested by his relations to send Jack to some good seminary of learning, he declared, that as the boy shewed such signs of genius, he would undertake his education himself; and for that purpose fixed on a neighbouring clergyman, who had been his constant companion in the field.

With such an education, so superintended, the rapid progress which Jack made, astonished his acquaintance. At the age of sixteen he could break a horse, train a dog, leap a five-barred gate, and shoot flying, better than any man in the country.—At eighteen, he acquired immortal reputation by drinking down the mayor and the whole corporation, at a public dinner in a neighbouring borough.

He was now thought completely qualified by his friends for the University, where the little learning he had acquired in rainy weather, and on frosty days, would render him acceptable to the senior, and his talent for cracking a bottle ingratiate him with the junior part of the community. His progress here was equal to his former character; he completed his education, and although he lost the little Latin which he brought with him, yet the reputation which he had acquired of a five-bottle man, and of having induced more freshmen to become drunkards than any other Academic of his standing, amply compensated this trifling loss.

On his return home, his father received him with open arms; and his old acquaintance and friends all congratulated him on the eminent character which he had obtained: the old gentleman, however, who had hitherto stood unrivalled as the hardest drinker in the country, unwilling that his son should enjoy a greater name than himself, challenged him to a drinking match, in which he lost both his reputation and his life, being carried off a few days after by a violent fever. Jack, however, neither forewarned nor alarmed by his father's fate, still follows his profession, with a pedantic attachment, and is become the terror of every sober man in the country; whom he never fails to persecute by inciting them to drink, and to insult with his harangues in praise of a bottle. He boasts that he is reputed to be the hardest drinker in Europe; and that he has killed more men by the bottle in a twelvemonth, than all the Physicians in London have cured in ten years.

MORE

MORE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

WE were, twelve months ago, the happiest family in the world; that is to say, my wife, Helen, who was as good-humoured a soul as ever lived; myself, who was naturally easy, and pleased with any thing, and Tommy, and Suzy, our boy and girl, both of them sweet-tempered children. I shall never forget how comfortably we used to pass away the winter evenings, supping altogether by the fire-side, on Welch rabbits, or scolloped oysters. It happened, unfortunately for my wife and I, that we had both of us received a decent education, and for Tommy and Suzy, that they had been sent to school, and could read and write very well. We always read some of the newspapers, and I made it a point to purchase any new book which struck my fancy in my walks home to dinner. In one *evil* hour I happened to see some Remarks on a volume entitled *The Miseries of Human Life*; tempted by Satan or Beelzebub, I bought the book, and took it home in my pocket to entertain my wife and the children. At tea-time I produced my purchase, when they were all eager that I should treat them with the contents; I began to read, and was very much pleased to find them bestow great attention. Now and then they laughed, and at other times they looked very serious, and I was unconscious, for my own part, of any extraordinary change taking place in either myself or them. Things remained very quiet after I had done reading, until supper, when, unfortunately as I was going to stir the fire, I missed the poker, displaced the shovel, and disturbed the tongs, when the whole family of fire-irons fell with a tremendous crash on the earth; my wife shrieked, and exclaimed, *There, there is one of the miseries of human life.* I stooped down hastily to remedy this disaster, when the crown of my head coming in contact with the spout of the tea-kettle, at the fire side, that vessel came down, scattering a shower of hot water over Tommy's legs: my wife screamed again, and Tommy stood for a minute on one leg, considering whether he was hurt or not. "Aye," cried my wife, "*how true that book is—there are nothing but miseries in this world.*" On this I seated myself in an armed chair, and got into a reverie; my wife did the same; Tommy heaved a deep sigh, and Suzy seated herself on a stool with her hands placed to the back of her neck, and her elbows in front; not any of us cared for supper, and each of us went to bed, heartily sick and tired of existence.

The next day, on my return home, I found my wife something better; and though we were all of us a good deal dejected, things went on tolerably smooth until tea time, when my wife discovered the *misery* of a tea-pot, with a *bad spout*, that poured forth the liquid in driblets, and was ten minutes each time in the operation of filling the cups, although this poor unfortunate vehicle had been in use seven years, with very little complaint. I was in the act of consoling her on this misfortune, when the bottom of the chair on which I sat, and which had been loosened by age from the frame, gave way, and I found the heaviest part of me lowered to the ground, and my heels in the air like a rope-dancer at Sadler's Wells.

It

It took some time, and the effort of the whole family, to restore me to a more becoming position. I began now to feel the full force of the miseries of human life, and rang the bell for Betty to put on some coals, that I might apply to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," in the chimney corner. Betty obeyed the usual summons; but I was astonished to find, when she came into the room, that her features were clouded, and a visible dejection in her countenance. I asked for some coals, when she informed me that the skuttle, worn out by time, had become a perfect sieve, and that she could not bring it up stairs without strewing the way with the black sand which issued from the perforations. I was about to say something on the occasion, when she interrupted me by observing, "*Ah, Sir, it is only one of the Miseries of Human Life.*" I was astonished, I confess, at this flight, nor was the mystery cleared up until I discovered that Betty had borrowed the book, and become a convert to misery, in consequence only of her search after knowledge.

I had, happily, philosophy enough left to bear up against these accumulated misfortunes, and endeavoured to give consolation to my poor wife, who met with something every instant that was a subject of vexation, and who had not *my* magnanimity. I had surmounted much, was not a great deal vexed at a rickety table, shocked at the tearing of a piece of Irish, nor dismayed at a *spinning plate* for my dinner: in short, I found myself nearly recovered, my wife considerably better, Betsey more composed, and the children full of play; when, unfortunately, going through the Strand one morning, I beheld MORE MISERIES staring me full in the face; I passed by boldly, when the tempter laid hold on me, and I remained for an instant fixed immoveably to one spot, contemplating whether I should purchase MORE MISERIES, or be contented with those I had already. I believe that I should have had resolution enough to have gone on, if a drayman coming by, had not trod upon my toe, and what was still worse, on a corn at the top of the toe. This new *misery* determined me to buy a manufactory of them, for I was in the humour now to indulge one vexation after another.

I entered fully into the subject before dinner was well over, and was obliged to gratify my wife by reading it aloud. The effect was almost instantaneous—we became, as it were, ready loaded with chagrin, and only wanted a spark of vexation to let us off. We were not long kept in suspense; Betty entered the room with a face of woe, and told us that a strange black cat had got into the kitchen, and devoured the best part of our leg of lamb. My poor wife trembled with anger at the cat, and Betty fixed her eyes on the book as it lay on the table, and was muttering to herself, MORE MISERIES. But to add to our distress, at this very instant, the newspaper was brought in; by the Lottery intelligence of which it appeared, that No. 24,806 was drawn a twenty thousand pound prize, which would not have been a matter of much concern to us, if, unfortunately, my wife's sixteenth share had not been No. 24,807. This last misery overcame us entirely, and we all sunk into a reverie of wretchedness. This, Sir, continued without any abatement of its symptoms. I was nevertheless in hopes that time might do some-

something towards removing our complaints; judge then of my transport, when I beheld one day, in the window of a bookseller, "The COMFORTS OF HUMAN LIFE." I was so impatient to peruse it, that I ran all the way, until I got home; when I entered the house, out of breath, embraced my wife, hugged the children, and taking the delightful duodecimo out of my pocket, began to read; but what was my astonishment when my wife declared, that the comforts of life were not so entertaining to her as the miseries, and then I saw the children fast asleep; in short, my wife refused to be *comforted.* Thus, Sir, as the learned have said, that *Paradise Lost* was *better* than *Paradise Regained,* so have my wife and Betty decided that, *Miseries* and *More Miseries,* are better than the *Comforts* of Life.

PETER SORROWFUL.

Willow-Wall West.

IGNIS FATUUS.

ON Tuesday evening, May the 5th, between the hours of nine and ten *p. m.* John Stevens, who was returning from Euston to Fakenham, in Norfolk, had passed only a little way beyond Mr. Rogers's, when he was struck with the following singular appearance:—A mass of light gradually spread from the top of his horse's ears, till it quite covered the surface, and the space between the ears, while a few luminous drops were sprinkled on the mane. The light was bright and sparkling; a clear amber, with a slight effusion of blue; and the rider said that it appeared as if his horse's head was covered with glow worms. He rubbed his hand along one of the ears, but could feel nothing; and the light again covered the part the moment his hand was withdrawn. There was no sensation of heat, no smell of vapour; and his horse, which was going at a very gentle pace, seemed quite unconscious of the lustre that was diffused over his head. The luminous spectre kept its situation, and preserved its brilliancy, to within a short distance of Fakenham parsonage, when it gradually vanished, and left no trace behind. This appears to have been one of the most extraordinary and beautiful instances of *ignis fatuus* which we have on record; and when we consider how very rare that appearance really is, it is the more deserving of attention. The far-famed Dr. Darwin, who had travelled at all hours in the night for a number of years in the exercise of his profession, says, that he never saw a single instance of *ignis fatuus,* or what is vulgarly called "Will o' the Wisp," and seems, indeed, to have doubted the existence of the thing. But such appearances have been actually observed by Dr. Derham, by the Italian philosopher Beccari, and others.

Dr. Shaw, in his Travels, gives a singular account of an *ignis fatuus* which appeared in the valley of Mount Ephraim. This attended him and his company for more than an hour, and kept varying its shape, and contracting or dilating its surface, with a sort of fantastic inconstancy all the time. The true reason of *ignis fatuus* is yet unknown; but the electric fluid seems to be a principal agent in the production of the interesting phenomenon. I should not omit to state, that in the present instance, the night at the time was stormy, and the rain fell in considerable quantities.

DINING

DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

From Pinckard's Notes.

THE ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents—the ridiculous tumbles—and the strange postures which the passengers are thrown into, by the unsteady motion of the vessel; indeed, we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. Hogarth might have feasted upon them. In the confusion of motions, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, we *fetch way*, and are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined; and, often before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled, in the most ludicrous manner, to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stools, boxes, and other furniture.

Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene: at this hour, the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we meet —crawl, trembling, towards the table—and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin! Presently enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes, and the servants with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarcely are the things upon the table, and the servants stationed, clinging to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go steward, servants, and little Mungo, to the lee corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another: the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions, about the deck of the cabin. One saves his plate; another stops his knife and fork; some cling to the table, thinking only of saving their persons; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to his chair with the other. Chaos is renewed! every thing is in motion—every thing is in disorder and confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again *fetch way*, and, with extended arms, are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast, and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and, although we are lashed in the chairs ourselves, it is with some difficulty we can maintain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses, clatter together in all the discord of the moment: the steward and his boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancin g potatoes, the flying fowls, or walking joints, are rolled over and over at our feet; and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected; and those who have escaped sickness again attempt to eat. Some foreseeing all these accidents, fix themselves in a corner upon the cabin deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancy-

ing themselves in security; but quickly they are tumbled, in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling, with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs. Some, having no calls of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births. Some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with the sprays; one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness; while others, lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding. Some abuse the helmsman; others the ship; and others the sea; while all join in a chorus of imprecations upon the wind.

SCENE,

From Morton's new Comedy of

TOWN AND COUNTRY.*

SCENE, A FASHIONABLE STREET.

Enter Cosey, meeting Trot.

Cosey. AH! my old friend—welcome to London.

Trot (in a melancholy tone)—Thank you.

Cosey.—Is'n't it a jolly place?

Trot.—Oh! very.

Cosey.—But, heyday! you don't seem to be what I call comfortable.

Trot.—No, not particularly so.

Cosey.—That's because you don't live in the city.—Here, even, their language is unintelligible!

Trot.—Oh! but I have learnt some of that. When any body says, "How are you?" I am to say, I am in great force, and that my wife is in high preservation; then I am to throw in taste and style into every sentence, just like mace and cloves in a cookery book.

Cosey—Then, their late hours—

Trot—Why, that's pretty well managed, for when we have a party I am to sup before dinner, and then I can attend to the guests.—But zounds! they won't attend to me—they make such a fuss about the new woman, as they call my wife, that nobody thinks of the old man. Last night, when the rooms were as full as a bag of cotton, they elbowed me about, till I was forced to tell them who was man of the house; and then a squalid, nankeen-faced fop, lounged up to me, munching a bunch of grapes that cost me a guinea, and sputtering the skins in my face, said, I was a damn'd fine fellow, and had better go to bed.

Cosey.—Oh, 'tis like them.

Trot—But that was nothing to what I went through at the club.

Cosey—What, you have been at a stylish club too?

Trot—Oh! yes; and one member said, if I would make it worth his while, he would caricature me—another asked me, if I was ever out?—I said, every morning; then they all laughed at me. In short, they set me on fire with ice-cream made of cayenne, and quenched me with claret; and when I was completely, what they called, turned up, they ordered a porter, pinned my direction on my back, and sent me home as damaged goods.

Cosey.—Ha! ha! — Oh rare London! I beg your pardon.—Ha! ha! *(looking at his watch.)*—Egad, I must be off to 'Change.

* See the plot of this Comedy, in our Magazine for March, *page* 206; and select passages, in our Magazine for April, *page* 37.

Trot,

Trot.—Ah! if I could but muster courage enough to have my own way—

Cosey.—Why, that can't require much resolution.

Trot.—And go into the country.

Cosey.—Ah! that must require a good deal; but, zounds! be determined; and if you dislike your stylish life, sell the house and all that's in it."

Trot.—Why, I've had it but a week.

Cosey.—So much the more fashionable; for now the run to ruin is so rapid, that the upholsterer has hardly done knocking up, when in pops the auctioneer, and he begins knocking down. [*Exit.*

FRENCH PRISONERS,

AND THE

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE beginning of the present month, several prisoners on board the Bristol, lying at Gillingham, attempted to make their escape: they had succeeded in cutting through the bulk-head, and had secreted themselves in the coal-hole, where, however, they were soon discovered by a Newfoundland dog belonging to the Commander, and proper means were instantly taken to secure them, which was effected with very little disturbance, and order was soon restored.

The dog had before been instrumental in discovering fugitives, and once or twice had plunged into the river, and brought back to the ship such as were swimming towards the shore, and were nearly exhausted.

On the present occasion, the intrepid and sagacious animal again plunged into the river, to search for any person that might have got there; the noise of the plunge alarmed the sentinel, who not receiving any answer to his enquiry of, Who was there? and supposing that one of the prisoners might have escaped, fired his musket near the spot where the noise proceeded from, in order to alarm the supposed fugitive, and cause him to return; several shot were afterwards fired with the same intention, before the mistake was discovered, when the dog was again got on board, without having received any injury.

BIGAMY.

OLD BAILEY SESSION.

WILLIAM Horatio Brown, a brilliant of the first water, was indicted for Bigamy, he having feloniously intermarried with Rebecca Wilmot, spinster, his former wife, Maria Parkinson, being still alive.

Mr. Knapp, Counsel for the prosecution, said, that the prisoner's case was attended with circumstances of great aggravation. Notwithstanding his fashionable appearance, and the easy negligence of his person, he was the son of an industrious washerwoman in Whitechapel; but in order to carry on his designs against the *property* of his first wife (for his marrying another woman in *two months* after, proved that it was not her affections that he courted) he assumed the air of a fine gentleman, gave out that he was the natural son of the *Margrave of Anspach*, and that he was well acquainted with Lady Norbury.—By these and other artifices he

he gained the consent of the parent of Miss Parkinson, and was married at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 23d of August, 1806. By the marriage he was to get about 700l. but obtained little more than 200l. which he expended in dissipation, and in procuring a second marriage with Miss Rebecca Wilmot, which took place on the 20th of October following his first marriage, at St. George's Church. Since that, he had abandoned the second wife and returned to the first, and indeed was a sort of *flash man* upon the town, first ingratiating himself into the good opinions of unsuspecting females, then marrying them, possessing himself of their property, and afterwards abandoning them.

Mrs. Elizabeth Parkinson, the mother of the first wife, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lane, the friend of the second wife, proved both the marriages, with the addition of the parties being both alive. This was confirmed by the Parish Clerks of the respective Churches where the marriages took place, who produced the registers in the parish books.

The prisoner was then called upon for his defence, when he entered into a statement, in which he attacked the moral character of Mrs. Parkinson, said she was a drunkard, and had forced her daughter into his bed when he was under the influence of mental derangement; and was proceeding in his attack with great impudence, when

The Judge told him that it was extremely unbecoming, and advised him to defend himself, and not attack the reputation of another.

The prisoner proceeded, and inferred that the infamy of the mother had led him to wrong the daughter.

The Jury found him *guilty*, and he left the bar with the most perfect indifference.

SHARPS AND FLATS—KING AND KNAVE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 12.

Birch and Co. *v.* Wilson.

THIS was an action against the defendant upon a Bill of Exchange, drawn by William Sharpe upon the defendant, accepted by him, and indorsed by Sharpe to Delvalley, from whom it came into the hands of the plaintiffs.

The Attorney General said, that he could not conjecture what defence was to be set up to this action; he, however, imagined, that some opposition was to be made, as he held in his hand a letter from Mr. Wilson to the plaintiffs, in which he said, that he had been informed by Joanna Southgate, who was visited by the Almighty God, that he had a good defence to the suit.

After the witnesses necessary to establish the various hand-writings had been called,

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said, that the numerous causes in which he had been engaged, in his professional duties, had made him acquainted with many characters. On the present occasion, however, a new personage had been presented to the Court, who, under pretence of prophecy, had presumed to blaspheme the name of God. That what she had stated was however true, the Jury would presently perceive, when it should be proved before them, that in the original formation of this Bill there was gross usury. The defendant, Mr. Wilson,

Wilson, a tradesman, was in want of money, and was tempted by advertisements in the daily prints, to apply to one of those scenes of infamy, either in the Old Bailey, Cavendish-square, Norton-street, or Ludgate-hill. At the former place Mr. Wilson was introduced to a man of most fascinating manners, but whose character was well known (Mr. John King), by whom his exigencies were supplied, not at the old regular rate of 5l. per cent. per annum, but at 5l. per cent. per month, besides a premium to Mr. King for stamps and trouble, of 1l. per month. Among other persons introduced to the defendant by the person who had thus accommodated him, were a Mr. Sharpe and a Major Eyre, to whom money was lent, upon the apparently easy terms of 10l. per cent. besides the usual premium. To shew the confidence that was reposed by the parties on both sides, the learned Counsel read a letter from Mr. King, addressed to William Sharpe, Esq. It was in these terms:—

"DEAR FRIEND—I would not call you by that name, if I did not deem it right. I had the 150l. bill in my pocket yesterday, as I had engaged to do, and if you had not vanished like a spirit, you would have had it.

"I am glad you mean to collect in your debts, for it is grievous that you should raise money at a thousand per cent. while others are enjoying what belongs to you. I am obliged to hunt out houses; I cannot do without them; but I take them for a very short time, for I suspect what is at hand—God's will be done!

"I am glad you are settling about the loan. Do not think about my commission, but your own extrication. I want aid more than Eyre or you do, and yet I feel more for your inconvenience than my own. I do not like cards as much as rational conversation, but that cannot be enjoyed without proper persons and proper seasons; and yet cards, or any other enjoyment, however trifling, are a relaxation to the mind, which enables it to undergo its labours afterwards.

"It is not improbable you gave me the 2l. I left the reckoning to you, and am ignorant which of us is the cheat. If you do not call on me in a day I shall call on you, for I will never be long separate from you. Why did you not let me know you sooner?

"Your's, &c.

"J. KING."

The learned Counsel concluded by observing, that Mr. King had expressed his dislike to cards. Perhaps that gentleman might be as ignorant of them as he was, but still he had learnt sufficient to know a *King* and a *Knave*, and he thought that the defendant had been taught such a lesson as would lead him in future not to visit such haunts of infamy and disgrace.

Upon calling the witnesses, Lord Ellenborough was of opinion, that the original bill, for which the present appeared to be a substitute, was not sufficiently established, and a verdict was found for the plaintiffs—damages, 65l.

POST-OBIT BONDS.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Fermor *v.* Wardell.

SIR Samuel Romilly moved for an Injunction in this case, to stay the proceedings at law, now carried

carried on against the plaintiff, grounded on four *Post-Obit* Bonds, passed for the sum of 6000l. by the plaintiff, in the life-time of his father, since deceased, and made payable on the event of the father's death. The consideration for these bonds was only four horses, which Sir Samuel Romilly stated were *anonymous* horses, without blood or pedigree, and consequently the purchaser could not find out their ancestors, if he should want to dispose of them at any time; it was stated that the plaintiff was 29 years old at the time of the contract, and had paid one half year's interest on the bonds, in his father's life-time; the bonds were subject to interest, until the father's death; and it was urged, that this was a fair contract with a man, not a minor, nor young.

Mr. Richards, for the defendant, supported the contract, and submitted to the Chancellor, that although his Lordship was better acquainted with the course of this, and other Courts, than with race courses, yet, that in his travels on the Northern Circuit, he had seen horses worth, and sold for, one thousand pounds each; and that as the plaintiff wished to sport those horses at Newmarket, in his father's life-time, and was to have much money at his father's death, it was not unfair to gratify him, and make him pay for his amusement. It was further urged for the defendant, that it would be very hard to grant an Injunction against the defendant, Mr. Wardell, who could not control the proceedings at law, which were carried on in the name of John Wilson, to whom Wardell had assigned the bonds; and who, as was stated, sold the whole for about twelve hundred pounds only. It was also stated, that John Wilson's real name was William Wilson, and that his answer to the plaintiff's bill did not yet come in, as William did not seem inclined to answer to, or by the name of John.

The counsel for the plaintiff in turn made an appeal to the Chancellor's own experience, whether, without nobility of birth or great distinction, his lordship had known of any horses sold at such high prices?—His Lordship stated, that *Post-Obit* Bonds were not voidable or bad where imposition was not practised, but that in this case there appeared imposition, and that the age of the plaintiff made no difference; that the bonds in the hands of the Assignee remained liable to the same objections which existed against them in the hands of Mr. Wardell, the original obligee; and that Mr. Wardell should be included with the Messrs. Smith in the Injunction, for that vendor must look to the then price of the market only, and should not profit by such a contract.—Injunction granted.

CARELESS DRIVING.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, WESTMINSTER, MAY 21.

M'Cann *v.* Holloway.

THE plaintiff is an apothecary and man-midwife, in Parliament-street, Westminster, and the defendant the proprietor of a hackney-coach, marked No. 11. It appeared that the plaintiff, his wife, and two children, were riding to Camberwell in a single-horse chaise, about six o'clock in the evening of the 7th of July last, and were overturned by the defendant's hack-

ney

ney coach; the driver of which, encumbered with another man on the box, and extremely intoxicated, was driving at a very furious rate when the collision took place.—The plaintiff and his family were thrown out, and the whole considerably bruised. One of the children had several of its teeth beat out, and the plaintiff experienced a concussion of the brain that placed his life in imminent danger. He was obliged to call in the first medical assistance, and to retire wholly from his business for a considerable time. His chaise was broken to pieces, and his loss altogether was of a nature that could not be compensated.

Sir Vicary Gibbs admitted that the defendant was liable for the act of his servant. He had unfortunately employed a drunken, worthless fellow, but in a moral sense there was no imputation upon his character. He was therefore sure the Jury would not give excessive damages.

Mr. Garrow replied, that he trusted the Jury would give such damages as would prove an example to hackney-coachmen in future, and convince coach-masters of the necessity of employing *sober* and *careful* drivers.

The Jury found for the plaintiff—Damages, 140l.

COACH-OWNERS.

A TRIAL IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE, 1807.

Ibberson and Others *v.* Crowder.

THIS was an action brought by Messrs. Ibberson, Waddell, and Co. proprietors of the Birmingham Prince of Wales stage coach, against their servant, the driver, to recover the amount of such sums of money as they had already been obliged to pay, and were still liable to pay, by reason of the defendant's negligence, in overturning the coach above-mentioned.

It appeared, that on the morning of the 3d of June, 1806, about four o'clock, the Birmingham coach was setting out from the Angel Inn, Oxford, on its way to London, and had to make three or four turns before it came into the high road.—The defendant, who was the driver, having had some dispute with the horsekeeper, mounted the box in a passion, and drove off at a furious rate, whipping his horses most immoderately all along. The guard and passengers being aware, and alarmed at their danger, called on him to desist, but to no purpose; until turning out of Coach-and-Horse-lane, (a narrow passage) into the High-street, the carriage upset, and no less than eight of the passengers, besides the guard, were severely injured. One had his collar-bone broke, another a leg, another an arm, and almost the whole of them were injured, more or less; in consequence of which, the plaintiffs had been obliged to make reparation to three of them, and were still liable for the injury sustained by the others. They had paid to one gentleman twenty guineas, to another fifty, and to the third, one hundred guineas.

The defence attempted to be set up was, first, that the plaintiffs had harnessed a young restive horse, called *Young Boston*, as a leader, by way of experiment, and the defendant being an excellent driver, they thought he would be able to break him in. The next defence was, that, by the negligence of the guard, the drag-chain was not fixed

up in its proper place, and getting entangled in the sway-bar was the cause of the coach upsetting.

One witness for the defendant endeavoured to shew, that the coach itself was badly constructed, and was at all times dangerous; yet it appeared that this man had driven the same coach several months, without any accident occurring. The evidence, however, fell very short of the statement.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence, observed, that the plaintiffs in this case were entitled to a tribute of praise for bringing this action, and for the manner in which they conducted it. After paying a proper compensation to the persons injured, they then came to the Court for redress, instead of doing that which was too frequently practised, defending an action against them by the means of perjury, which was generally the case, where the party gave a release to the coachman in order to make him a competent witness: when the coach-drivers were once taught to feel that they were responsible for their conduct, many accidents of this kind would be prevented. The plaintiffs, therefore, were clearly entitled to such sums as they had proved they had paid to the passengers who had received injury. The only sums proved, however, were, the twenty guineas and the fifty guineas; but the Jury would also consider what further damage they had sustained in the repairs of the coach itself, the hiring another coachman, &c.

The Jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict of one hundred guineas for the plaintiffs.

Mr. Parke, for the plaintiffs, then declared, that the money was no object to his clients; they only wished to make a public example.

PEDIGREES OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. THAT RAN IN 1806.

Continued from page 67.

MAID OF THE MILL, Mr. W. Harrison's, by a brother to Eagle; dam by Star, out of Moorpout, by Young Marsk.

MALVOLIO, Mr. F. Neale's, by Precipitate; dam (Albatross's dam) by Mercury; grandam by Dorimant, out of Rosemary, by King Herod.

MARCIA, Mr. Garforth's, by Coriander; dam, Faith, (Vesta's dam) by Pacolet; grandam, Atalanta; great grandam, Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko; Old Traveller, out of Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound.

MARGARETTA, Mr. Biggs's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Selina's dam) by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker, by Match'em.

MARINER, Mr. Roberts's, by Precipitate; dam, Dimple, by Highflyer, out of Smallbones, by Justice.

MARY, (late Bona-Roba) Mr. T. Butler's, by Revenge, out of a sister to Superior's dam.

MERRYMAID, Mr. Golding's, by Buzzard; dam by Highflyer, out of Smallbones, by Justice.

MERRYTHOUGHT, Duke of St. Alban's, by Totteridge; dam, Woodbine, by Woodpecker, out of Puzzle, by Match'em.

METEORA, Lord Grosvenor's, own sister to Musidora, by Meteor; dam, Maid of All Work, by Highflyer, out of an own sister to Tandem, by Syphon.

MIGNIONETTE, (late Osier) Mr. Walker's, by Moorcock; dam, Palm-flower, (Cockfighter's dam) by Weasel, out of Columba,

lumba, (own sister to Columbus) by Alfred, Engineer, Regulus.

MILO, Lord Derby's, own brother to Agonistes, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Wren, by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, (the dam of Sir Peter Teazle) by Snap, Regulus.

MISS CHEESECAKE, Mr. E. Phillips's, by Ormond; dam, St. Anne, by Delpini, out of Miss Judy, the dam of Lignum-Vitæ, &c.—Sold into Russia.

MISS COINER, Miss E. Butler's, by Don Quixote; dam (Coiner's dam) by Goldfinder, out of an own sister to Contest, by Blank, Cade.

MISS CRANFIELD, Mr. Watt's, own sister to Coriolanus, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam (own sister to Sir Sidney) by Pegasus; grandam by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod, Snap, Regulus.

MISS ELIZA TEAZLE, Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Eliza, by Highflyer, out of Augusta, by Eclipse.

MISS WELHAM, Major Bower's, by Screveton, out of Miss Cogden, the grandam of Luck's-All, &c.

MOUNTAINEER, Mr. T. Cave Browne's, by Magic; dam, (Amelia, Gig, Whirligig, Orlando, and Sir Ulic M'Killigut's dam) by Highflyer, out of Maiden, the grandam of Gohanna, Sir Solomon, &c.

NEWTON, Mr. Astley's, by Mr. Richardson's Marsk; dam by Revenge, out of Bagatelle, by Sweepstakes.

NORAH, Lord F. G. Osborne's, by John Bull; dam, Nimble, by Florizel, out of Rantipole, by Blank, Regulus.

NORVAL, Mr. Mellish's, by Jupiter; dam, Thatchella, by Highflyer; grandam by Marsk; Temperance, by Regulus; out of Wildair's dam, by Steady.

OFF-SHE-GOES, Mr. Mellish's, by Shuttle; dam by Highflyer, out of Dido, (own sister to Javelin) by Eclipse, Spectator, Blank.

OPTICIAN, Lord F. Bentinck's, by Telescope, out of Mrs. Jordan, own sister to Miss Green, the dam of Hippocampus, Don Felix, &c.

ORANGEADE, Mr. Howorth's, by Whiskey; dam, Orange-Bud, (Orange-Flower's dam) by Highflyer, out of Orange-Girl, by Match'em.

ORVILLE, his R. H. the Prince of Wales's, by Beningbrough; dam, Evelina, (Sir Andrew and Delville's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Termagant, (Edmund, Pewett, and Cecilia's dam) by Tantrum; Cockatrice, by Sampson, Regulus, out of Old Marsk's dam, by Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs.

PAGODA, Hon. G. Watson's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Coriander, out of Matron, the dam of Sir Solomon, &c.

PANTALOON, Mr. Emden's, by Buzzard; dam by Highflyer; grandam by Squirrel, out of Sophia, by Blank.

PARASOL, Duke of Grafton's, by Pot8o's; dam, Prunella, (Penelope, Pelisse, and Podargus's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Promise, by Snap, out of Julia, by Blank.

PARIS, Lord Foley's, own brother to Stamford and Archduke, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Countess, (Delpini's dam) by Blank, Rib, &c.

PAVILION, Lord Darlington's, by Waxy; dam, Totterella, by Dungannon; grandam, Marcel-

la, by Mambrino; Medëa, by Sweetbriar, out of Angelica, by Snap, Regulus.

PAULINA, Lord Fitzwilliam's, own sister to Sir Paul, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Pewett, by Tandem, out of Termagant, the grandam of Orville, &c.

PELISSE, General L. Gower's, by Whiskey, out of Prunella, the dam of Parasol, Podargus, &c.

PICCADILLY, Mr. Emden's, own brother to Castrel, Selim, and Bronze, by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, out of an own sister to the dam of Eagle, &c.

PIPYLINA, Lord Foley's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Rally, by Trumpator, out of Fancy, (own sister to Diomed) by Florizel.

PLANTAGENET, Mr. Howorth's, own brother to Tudor, by John Bull; dam, Tulip, (Ambrosio's dam) by Damper; grandam by Eclipse; Rarity, by Match'em, out of Snapdragon, by Snap, Regulus.

PLOUGHBOY, Mr. J. Croft's, by Volunteer; dam, Orange-Squeezer, (Allegranti and Laura's dam) by Highflyer, out of Mop-squeezer, by Match'em.

PLUTO, Mr. Timms's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Justice, out of Henia, (Czar Peter, Little Peter, Chaise-and-One, and Petrowitz's dam) by Challenger.—Sold into Russia.

PODARGUS, Duke of Grafton's, by Worthy, out of Prunella, the dam of Parasol, Pelisse, &c.

PRISCILLA, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, by Delpini; dam, Eliza, (Brafferton's dam) by Alfred; grandam, (Weasel's dam) by Eclipse; Brilliant; Mr. Shepherd's Crab, out of an own sister to Amelia, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian.

PRISONER, Sir H. Lippincott's, by Guildford; dam, Grey Gawkey, by Mambrino; grandam, Giantess, by Match'em, out of Molly Longlegs, by Babram, Foxhunter.

PROSPERO, Lord Sackville's, by Whiskey; dam, Nymph, (Combatant's dam) by Dorimant, out of Zephyr, by Squirrel, Cade, Partner.

PTARMAGON, (alias Plunder) Mr. Bowker's, by Moorcock; dam by King Fergus, out of Lavender, the dam of Coriander, &c.

QUIZ, Mr. F. Neale's, by Buzzard; dam, Miss West, (Stargazer and Skypeeper's dam) by Match'em; Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto.—After the First Spring Meeting, 1807, he covered at Newmarket, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.

RAINBOW, (late Sinbad) Mr. Page's, by Skyscraper; dam, (Fidget's dam) by Match'em, out of a sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon.

RALPHINA, Mr. Panton's, own sister to Amateur, by Buzzard; dam, (Vernator's dam) by Dungannon, out of Heinel, by Squirrel, Blank.

RECEIVER, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's, by Gohanna; dam, Trumpetta, (Albion's dam) by Trumpator, out of Peggy, by King Herod, Snap.

REGULATOR, Mr. F. Neale's, by a brother to Repeator; dam by Diomed.

RICHARD, General Grosvenor's, by His Lordship; dam, Nelly, (Little Devil and Kill-Devil's dam) by Postmaster; grandam, Rose-bud, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.

ROSABELLA, Mr. Lake's, by Whiskey; dam by Diomed, out of Harriet, the dam of Creeper, Miss Green, &c.

ROSE.

ROSEDEN, Mr. Ilderton's, by Archduke; dam by Drone; grandam, Contessina, (Sir Harry Dimsdale's dam) by Young Marsk, out of Tuberose, by King Herod; Bolton Starling; Coughing Polly, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers.

ROSETTE, Mr. H. Peirse's, by Beningbrough; dam, Rosamond, (Ferguson's dam) by Tandem, out of Tuberose, by King Herod.

ROYAL OAK, Mr. Brooke's, own brother to Sapling, by Telescope; dam, (own sister to Emigrant) by Escape; grandam by Mr. Vernon's Arabian; Snap, out of Chalkstone's dam, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab.

RUBENS, Mr. C. Dundas's, by Pencil; dam, Drug, by Precipitate, out of a daughter of Highflyer.

ST. DOMINGO, Lord Stamford's, by Hambletonian; dam, Patrina, by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam, Lucy, (Twig'em's dam) by Conductor, out of Lucy, by Spectator, Blank, &c.

SELIM, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's, own brother to Piccadilly, &c. by Buzzard.

SHELAH, Mr. Sitwell's, by Hambletonian; dam, Skypeeper, by Highflyer, out of Miss West, the dam of Quiz, &c.

SHIPTON, Lord Stamford's, by Beningbrough; dam by Coriander, out of an own sister to Fanny, by Weasel.

SHITTLECOCK, Mr. Watt's, by Schedoni; dam, (Agrimony, His Lordship, and Washington's dam, also own sister to Trumpator) by Conductor; grandam, Brunette, (Pipator's dam) by Squirrel, out of Dove, by Matchless.

SIR ANDREW, Mr, Johnson's, by Hambletonian, out of Evelina, the dam of Orville, &c.

SIR DAVID, Mr. S. Arthur's, by Trumpator, dam by Woodpecker, out of an own sister to Driver, by Trentham.

SIR LAUNCELOT, Sir John Shelley's, by Delpini; dam, Legacy, (Sir Sacripant's dam) by King Fergus, out of Mortonia, by King Herod.

SIR PAUL, Lord Fitzwilliam's, own brother to Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Pewett, by Tandem, out of Termagant, the grandam of Orville, &c.

SIR PEREGRINE, Mr. Ladbroke's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (own sister to George, by Dungannon; grandam, Brown Charlotte, (own sister to St. George) by Highflyer; great grandam, (own sister to Soldier) by Eclipse, out of Miss Spindleshanks, by Omar.

SIR SACRIPANT, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's, by Stamford, out of Legacy, the dam of Sir Launcelot, &c.

SIR SAMPSON, Mr. Morris's, by Stamford; dam, (Brocklesby's dam) by Adamant; grandam by Paymaster; Babram; Regulus, out of an own sister to Boreas's dam, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers.

SLATE, Sir H. Lippincott's, by Mr. Teazle; dam, Mopsy, by Bourdeaux, out of Monimia, (Hambletonian's grandam) by Match'em.

SLIPPER, Lord Egremont's, by Precipitate; dam, Catherine, (Golumpus and Hedley's dam, also own sister to Colibri, the dam of Cardinal Beaufort, &c.) by Woodpecker; Camilla, by Trentham; Coquette, by Mr. Compton's

Compton's Barb, out of an own sister to Regulus.

SMASHER, Mr. Brandling's, by Star; dam by Mercury; grandam, Mary Ann, by Florizel; great grandam, (Stride's dam) by Babram.

SMUGGLER, Mr. C. Wilson's, by Hambletonian; dam, Maria, (Surprise's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Maria, (Marianne's dam) by Telemachus, out of A-la-Greque, (Pontac's dam) by Regulus.

SNUG, Sir C. Bunbury's, by Whiskey; dam by Diomed; grandam, Jet, (Trombone and Flageolet's dam) by Magnet, out of Jewel, (own sister to Jessica) by Squirrel, Blank.

SOWERBY, Captain F. Hartley's, by Walnut, out of Sandhopper, (own sister to Beningbrough) by King Fergus.

STAVELEY, Mr. Mellish's, by Shuttle; dam, (Harefoot's dam) by Drone; grandam, (Trimbush's dam) by Match'em, out of Jocasta, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester.

STREAMER, Mr. G. Baillie's, by Star; dam, (Gratitude's dam) by Walnut; grandam by Ruler, out of a daughter of Match'em.

STREATLAM-LASS, Mr. Mellish's, by Pipator; dam, Beatrice, by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam, Pyrrha, (Beningbrough's grandam) by Match'em, out of Duchess, by Whitenose.—Sold to Mr. Kellermann.

STRETCH, Lord Foley's, by Stride; dam, Nanberry, by Ruler; grandam by Le Sang; great grandam by a son of Sampson, out of a daughter of Crab. —Sold to Mr. Hunter, of Dublin.

SUNDERLAND, Duke of Hamilton's, by Star; dam, (Lady Mary's dam) by Highflyer, out of a daughter of Marsk.

SUPERSTITION, Lord F. G. Osborne's, by Buzzard; dam, Vixon, by Pot8o's; grandam, Cypher, (Huncamunca and Glumdalca's dam) by Squirrel, out of Angelica's dam, by Regulus.

SWEETWILLIAM, Mr. L. Seymour's, by St. George; dam by Ruler; grandam by Ali Bey; great grandam, (Pencil and Tiptoe's dam) by Syphon, out of Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus.

SWINLEY, General Gower's, by Coriander, out of Lady Mary, by Blemish.

TALISMAN, Mr. R. Lascelles', by Totteridge; dam, (Rutland and Tony Lumpkin's dam) by Highflyer, out of Shark's dam, by Snap.

TAMBURRO, Mr. Panton's, by Whiskey; dam, Tamborine, by Trumpator; grandam, Crane, by Highflyer, out of Middlesex, by Snap, Regulus.

TAURUS, Mr. Sitwell's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Mendoza and Sir Sidney's dam) by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod.

TIM, Mr. Panton's, by Whiskey; dam, Grey Duchess, (Mary Grey's dam) by Pot8o's; grandam, Duchess, by King Herod, out of Gaudy, (own sister to Chrysolite) by Blank.

TIMEKEEPER, Mr. J. Douglas's, by Hambletonian; dam, Luna, (Quando, Nancy Dawson, Hornpipe, and Cardinal Puff's dam) by King Herod, out of Proserpine, own sister to Eclipse, by Marsk, Regulus.

TOM PIPES, (late the Carpenter) Captain Fleming's, by Volunteer; dam, Atropa, by Woodpecker, out of Nightshade, by Pot8o's.

TOT,

TOT, Hon. G. Watson's, own brother to Tuneful, by Trumpator, out of Seafowl, the dam of the Duke of Grafton's Trafalgar, &c.

TOURNAMENT, General Grosvenor's, by Grouse; dam, (Dreadnought's dam) by Alfred; King Heron, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.

TRAFALGAR, Lord Darlington's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Æthe, by Young Marsk, out of Serina, (own sister to Fleacatcher) by Goldfinder.

TRAFALGAR, Mr. Mellish's, bought of Lord Egremont, by Gohanna; dam, (Humbug's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, (Chanticleer and Young Woodpecker's dam) by Eclipse; great grandam, Rosebud, (Nelly and Vermin's dam) by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.—Sold to His R. H. the Prince of Wales.

TRAFALGAR, Duke of Grafton's, by Whiskey; dam, Seafowl, (Tuneful, Melissa, and Tot's dam) by Woodpecker, out of Middlesex, (own sister to Papillon) by Snap, Regulus.

TRAFALGAR, Mr. J. Mason's, by Delpini; dam, (Miss Grimstone's dam) by Ancaster; grandam by the Damascus Arabian, Sampson, Oroonoko, out of an own sister to Mirza, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Hobgoblin, Whitefoot.

TRUE-BRITON, Mr. W. Harrison's, by St. George; dam by Paymaster, out of an own sister to A-la-Greque, by Regulus.—Sold into Russia.

TUDOR, Mr. J. Payne's, by John Bull; dam, Tulip, (Ambrosio and Plantagenet's dam) by Damper; grandam by Eclipse; Rarity, by Match'em, out of Snapdragon, by Snap, Regulus.

VANITY, Duke of Grafton's, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick.

VESTA, Mr. Garforth's, by Delpini; dam, Faith, (Marcia's dam) by Pacolet; grandam, Atalanta, by Match'em, out of Lass of the Mill, (Calliope and Melpomene's dam) by Oroonoko; Traveller; Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound.—*Vesta* has been covered this season, (1807) by Hambletonian; and *Marcia* has been served by the same Stallion.

VIOLANTE, Lord Grosvenor's, by John Bull; dam, (own sister to Skyscraper) by Highflyer; grandam, Everlasting, (Topgallant and Leviathan's dam) by Eclipse; great grandam, Hyæna, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.

WARRIOR, Mr. Clifton's, own brother to Mary-Ann, Monica, Bryan, &c. by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Young Marsk, Match'em, *Tarquin*, out of an own sister to Antelope, by Young Belgrade, Scarborough Colt, &c.—*This Pedigree has been given erroneous; those that are dissatisfied with the above, let them apply to W. Pick, of York.*

WHIRLIGIG, Lord Sackville's, by Whiskey, out of Amelia, the dam of Mr. Cave Browne's Mountaineer, &c.

WELCH-HARP, Mr. Birchall's, by Pipator; dam by Paymaster; grandam, (Privateer's dam) by Syphon, out of an own sister to Young Cade, by Cade, Partner, &c.

WILD-OATS, (late Sound Judgment) Mr. Johnson's, by Buzzard; dam, Gawkey, by Highflyer, out of Giantess, by Match'em.

WITCH-

WITCHCRAFT, Lord Sackville's, own brother to Lethe and Yorkshire, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Queen Mab, (Oberon, Logie O'Buchan, Strathspey, Remembrancer, and Cassio's dam) by Eclipse, out of the *Old Tartar Mare*,* the dam of Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Volunteer, &c.

WITCHCRAFT, Mr. Stratton's, by Oberon; dam, (Asfordby's dam) by Alfred, out of Mr. Emerson's Wonderful's dam, by Dainty Davy, &c.

WOODCOT, Captain Weir's, own brother to Candidate, by Guildford; dam, Miss Slamerkin, by Alexander, out of a daughter of King Herod.

WORMWOOD, Mr. S. Arthur's, by Young Woodpecker, out of an own sister to Driver, by Trentham.

WRETCH, Mr. S. Arthur's, by Gohanna; dam, (Brainworm's dam) by Skyscraper, out of Isabel, by Woodpecker.

YOUNG ROSCIUS, Lord Stamford's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Mrs. Siddons, by Garrick, out of Sportsmistress, (Pot8o's dam) by Mr. Warren's Sportsman.

YORKSHIRE, Hon. G. Watson's, own brother to Lord Sackville's Witchcraft, by Sir Peter Teazle.

ZODIAC, Lord Darlington's, by St. George; dam, Abigail, (Raby and L'Orient's dam) by Woodpecker; grandam, Firetail, (Braganza's dam) by Eclipse, Blank, Cade, out of Spectator's dam, by Partner.

ADJUTANTS—An Etching.

THE Adjutants were taken in an American ship, the Portsmouth, of Baltimore, commanded by Captain Lewis, by a French ship of war, the Commander of which intended them as a present to Bonaparte, to be placed in his Menagerie, as curious birds, and rarely known in Europe alive; but on the passage, the French ship and her prize were intercepted by an English cruiser, but were lost in another engagement with a French ship, from which, however, they were retaken in another battle, and the English cruiser put into Goree, where these birds, with a fine Ostrich that was with them, became the property of the late Governor, General Dixon, who sent the Adjutants to England, as a present to the Duchess of York; but only one survived the passage, which is now living at Oatlands.

In the print, the bird is represented as it stands whilst resting, or cooped up, the head being crouched down on the breast; and also as it appears when standing erect, or seeking its food—its height thus is very near five feet.

The Ostrich came to England with the Adjutant, but severely wounded in its leg and in the back, by a musket-ball passing through the bone: of these wounds it was cured at Mr. Pidcock's, Exeter Change, where it now is, and is considered one of the finest birds of the kind, being between twelve and fourteen feet high.

* The Age, Produce, and who bred the *Old Tartar Mare*, with other particulars, have hitherto been given erroneous—we have authority to state, that they will appear in W. Pick's third Volume of the Turf Register, he having the original copy, under the hand of the breeder, in his possession.

MAN-

H.B. Chalon pinx. H.R. Cook sculp.

Adjutants.

Published June 1st 1807, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

MANNERS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

THE dress of the mountaineers is coarse and plain. The men are clothed in frieze coats, waistcoats, and breeches, coarse woollen yarn stockings, brogues (a kind of clumsy shoes), coarse linen shirts, and felt hats. Some of the young men, however, imitate their lowland neighbours by a finer dress, and the women have progressively increased their finery, insomuch, that the plain woollen hood worn about twenty years ago is laid aside, and cloaks of good scarlet broadcloth, or in summer of white dimity, are used in their stead. The young women are particularly partial to variegated ribbons, and the more glaring the colours the more they are prized. Their gowns are linsey-woolsey or striped linen, of home manufacture. It is a curious fact, that the fair sex among the most uncivilised nations are fond of brilliant colours—witness the tartan ribbons and petticoats of the highlanders of Scotland: and a similar predilection is shewn by the women of Russia and Tartary for the party-coloured shawls of Kishmyre and India.

Hospitality may almost be said to be instinctive among the mountaineers; and they carry this amiable virtue to so great a height, that there is always a little couch appropriated to the wandering beggars who often visit them. Indeed, the sociality and contentment of their lives have been very naturally pourtrayed by the poet, in the following lines:—

"Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten with the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed."

Their summer amusements consist of annual festivals, which they call *patrons*, being holidays in honour of tutelar saints. The principal meeting of these mountaineers is held on Midsummer-day. On this occasion the people first hear mass in the morning, and spend the remainder of the day in dancing, drinking, and other amusements. There are booths erected where they assemble, and a multitude of toys brought thither for sale. The young men buy ribbons and gloves, which they present to their sweethearts; and the festival resembles the English country wake.

Besides this amusement, the young people often assemble on Sunday afternoon, on some little green plain or mount, where they form a circle, around which the lads and lasses pursue each other alternately, and whoever is taken forfeits a kiss, similar to the sports of Yorkshire, and other northern counties of England. In winter they amuse themselves with dancing in barns; or when the young women spin, the young men divert them with stories, or with the music of the flute or violin. Some of them are very expert at playing on the Jews-harp, and commonly use two at a time, which they play with their little fingers. It is almost

most impossible to conceive the cheerfulness which illumines their faces at these social meetings.—Their penury, the wintry storms that howl without, and the rumbling torrents that bear fragments of the rocks impetuously along, are unheeded by the lively train. We may well say of the Irish mountaineer, as the poet does of the Swiss—

" ——Every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

With respect to superstition, the mountaineers retain a belief in the existence of fairies, whose power they dread. They recount many feats performed by the fairies, or, as they call them, *the gentry*. Tradition has conveyed down the fable of the *banh shea*, an apparition like an old woman, dressed in the ancient Irish habit, with a hood on her head, bound with a kerchief; this spectre was said always to appear under the window where any person lay on the death-bed, and to express several mournful cries as a token of approaching dissolution. The existence of familiar spirits is also believed by this credulous people; and an impostor, called Roger Mulhern, who lived near Carlingford for many years, is yet mentioned by them with the greatest reverence. This man pretended, that by the aid of his invisible friend he could tell the state of the dead. Several people, anxious to know how their relatives fared in the other world, flocked to the house of this sage, who gave them a night's lodging free of expence, and by artful enquiries drew from his visitors a knowledge of such circumstances in the life of the departed friend, as enabled him to decide whether he was happy or miserable. His fame increased, and the priests became alarmed lest his imposture should circumvent their's. They forbade their parishioners to visit Mulhern, whom they affirmed to be under the influence of the Devil. But though the prohibition deterred the people from going publicly to the house of the impostor, yet they visited him, with the greatest secrecy, under the veil of night; and he, as a reward for their faithfulness, presented each person with a shilling, besides giving them the most satisfactory information respecting the deceased. This act of beneficence was so different from the practice of the priests, who always demanded money for any of their good offices, that if death had not removed Mulhern, it is not improbable but he might have produced another heresy in the holy mother-church.

As the young mountaineers approach maturity, the soft passion predominates. The nearest relations of the enamoured pair assemble, and after adjusting the portion * to be given with the young woman, the marriage is solemnised. This is the most expensive festival of the mountaineers. It is common for forty or more persons to be entertained at the expence of the bride-

* This dowry is commonly two or three cows, and a few sheep.

groom;

groom; or if the father-in-law is generous, he sometimes defrays the expence of the wedding dinner.

This feast consists of a superabundance of bread, meat, poultry, butter, and whiskey punch.

Within these few years tea in the afternoon has been introduced; but in general, only the favourite cordial, whiskey, is circulated with joy-inspiring influence. A musician attends, and the festive party dance till midnight.

When the bride retires, a number of young people of both sexes throng into her bed-chamber, till she complies with the old custom of throwing the stocking. She throws her stocking over her right shoulder, and whoever is so happy as to be hit with it, is supposed to be the next of the company who will be married. This ceremony is accompanied with loud bursts of laughter, after which the lively party retire.

A christening is also attended with much expence in regaling friends, but as the people become more enlightened they will probably be more economic.

By frequent intermarriages in the same village, the mountaineers think that they keep their property among themselves, and are unwilling to form any connubial engagements with others.

On the decease of any person, the fire is instantly extinguished, as symbolical of the extinction of life. If this event happens in spring or summer, flowers are gathered and strewed around the body, which is laid out on a little straw. It is covered to the chin with a sheet, and the face remains bare. For two nights a large table is placed over the corpse, with ten candles upon it; this is called the night-wake, and is emblematic of immortality. A bason filled with cut tobacco, with a number of pipes, are placed for the accommodation of the neighbours, who throng to the house, fill it with the smoke of tobacco, and talk as gaily as if they were at a christening. Nay, several of the young people join in such amusements as hunt the slipper, or blind man's buff; and even courtship makes no inconsiderable progress in this house of mourning. The cheerfulness of the visitors is interrupted at intervals by the exclamations of the mourners.

A female orator begins this ceremony. She recites the former happiness of the deceased; deplores his death in a kind of song, and is joined in different parts of this monody by a chorus of mourners: those who feel least are ever the most noisy, while the nearest female relations prove, by their sighs and tears, that their sorrow is unaffected.

> "Alternately they sing, alternate flow
> Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
> While real sorrow swells in each full heart,
> And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art."

This ancient custom might excite risibility in a mind unaccustomed to reflect or feel: but most people are melted by its solemn simplicity. It is difficult to see the gestures of sorrow exhibited by those mourners, and to hear their sweet plaintive voices, without sympathising; and the writer of this account has on many such occasions felt the tear of sensibility bedew his cheek.

One virtue of the most amiable kind they practise with unremitting zeal—filial piety. No nation, not even the Chinese, can pay more respectful attention and implicit obedience to their parents. As there are no parish workhouses in Ireland, except in some of the principal towns, consequently the country

would abound with destitute old people, were it not for the gratitude of their progeny. The Irish peasant, but especially the mountaineer, protects his parents in the decline of their years. The mothers assist in nursing, carding, or spinning; the fathers hobble about the farms, directing the young men at their work. At night, the best and easiest seat is appropriated to the ancient father and mother, and the most nutritious food in the house is served up to them. It really is an edifying and lovely sight to behold the respectful attention paid by those peasants to their aged parents, while the grand-children are taught to address them in the most endearing language, nay, to crave their blessing, and supplicate the Deity for them in prayer.

Nor does the filial love of the Irish mountaineer expire with his parents. He closes their eyes, attends their remains to the tomb with grateful sorrow, and occasionally visits the grave of those who gave him being, and bedews it with his tears. From such a disposition, what excellent virtues might be produced with proper cultivation! but, alas! ignorance and superstition contract those faculties with lethargic torpor; and many an excellent mind is buried in those remote regions, like the diamond in the mine.

Carr's *Stranger in Ireland*, a recent publication, presents a very highly-finished picture of the low Irish. In this cast of society, says he, Pat stands before a stranger, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were in mudder's (mother's) nakedness.—His wit and his warmth of heart are his own—his errors, and their consequences, will not be registered against *him*. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult, which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature, &c.

The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception: in these properties they are only equalled by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they will build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes, for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British Adjutants allow, that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

The handsomest peasants of Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon, the male and female peasantry, and the horses, are handsome; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle; the men are the best leapers in Ireland. The finest hunters and most capital huntsmen are to be found in the sporting county of Fermanagh. In that of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed; in the county of Kerry, and along the western shore, the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards, in expression of countenance and colour of hair.

Their native urbanity is very pleasing. I have frequently (says Carr) seen two boors (countrymen) take off their hats, and salute each other with great civility. One of them, in Dublin, met a *Camrogue*, (in plain English, a boy after his own heart) who exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well." —"By my shoul, I knows it well," said

said the other; "but you have but the *half* of it"—that is, the pleasure is divided.—If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so, but will probably fly to some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of, without fee or reward.

Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour, or the stranger, finds every man's door open, and to walk into a cottage without ceremony at meal-time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one in the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance, while the old smoke one after another out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories.—A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who, with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings, and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer: wherever he stopped, the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat, if they had any; the best potatoes and new milk were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed.

Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country: — "The hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies; it springs like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST,

A DRAMATIC SATIRE;

As acted every Day at White's, and other Assemblies.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Stakeland.
Lord Rally.
Sir John Medium.
Sir Calculation Puzzle, *a passionate admirer of Whist, who imagines himself a good player, yet always loses.*
Lord Bubbleboy, Captain Rookwood, *sharpers of fashion.*
Lurchum, Shuffle, *common sharpers, under the appearance of gentlemen.*
Lord Slim, Young Jobber, *pupils to the Professor.*
Young Stakeland, *son to Lord Stakeland, obliged to leave his country through gaming.*
Alderman Jobber.
Professor Whiston.
Cocao, *master of the Chocolate-House.*
Several Lords, Gentlemen, and Servants.

WOMEN.

Lady Stakeland.
Lady Deuce.
Arabella, *sister to Sir Calculation, and pupil to the Professor.*

SCENE, THE PARK.

Enter Lurchum, followed by Shuffle.

Shuffle. HOLD, Lurchum—I have followed thee a good while, and if one may guess at thy thoughts by the convulsive emotions of thy head and shoulders, thou shouldst be disturbed at something.

Lurch.—Thou art a keen discerner, Shuffle, to read a man behind. I am thoughtful.

Shuf.

Shuf.—What, thoughtful, and so fine a morning? for shame, for shame! Look up—look round, look every where, and own it a sin both against the sun, and those brighter luminaries of the Mall, to be thoughtful.

Lurch.—Let me ask thee—Will beauty, or a serene sky, dispel the gloomy prospect of contempt and beggary?

Shuf.—Ha, ha, ha! Commend me to the man that won his thousand last night, yet talks of starving.

Lurch.— Which in all appearance will be the last I ever shall win; and I'm of that author's opinion, who says, that the greatest curse of misfortune is the remembrance of former good fortune.

Shuf.—Rank spleen, by Mercury!

Lurch.—Faith! all things considered, I think you have as much reason to be so as myself.

Shuf.—Prithee explain—What does all this tend to?

Lurch.—Thou knowest we have the honour to be admitted into the best company, which neither our birth or fortunes entitle us to, merely for our reputation as good Whist-Players.

Shuf.—Very well!

Lurch.—But if this damn'd book of the Professor's answers, as he pretends, to put players upon a par, what will avail our superior skill in the game? We are undone to all intents and purposes—The Spanish war is not more neglected than we shall be—We must bid adieu to White's, George's, Brown's, and all the polite assemblies about town, and that's enough to make a man mad instead of thoughtful.

Shuf.—Damn him, I say.—Could he find no other employment for forty years together, than to study how to circumvent younger brothers, and such as us, who live by our wits? A man that discovers the secrets of any profession deserves to be sacrificed, and I would be the first, Lurchum, to cut the Professor's throat for what he has done, but that I think I have pretty well defeated the malevolent effect of his fine-spun calculations.

Lurch.—As how, dear Shuffle? Thou revivest me.

Shuf.—I must confess, the publication of his Treatise gave me at first some slight alarm; but I did not, like thee, Lurchum, indulge in melancholy desponding thoughts: on the contrary, I called up my indignation to my assistance, and have ever since been working upon a private treatise on Signs at Whist, by way of counter treatise to his, and which, if I mistake not, totally overthrows his system.

Lurch.—Entirely?—Thou hast a lucky invention.

Shuf.—Here—take it, and give it a look over. We shall have occasion for all the aids of art to-day at White's—deep matches are talked of. Some fortunes will squeak for it, I warrant.—Hah! yonder goes young Stakeland, with his executioner, Sir John Tricklad.

Shuf.—And here comes that egregious coxcomb, Sir Calculation Puzzle, who, with scarce one tolerable idea of the game, fancies he plays it well; and the best on't is, let him lose ever so much, while you charge it to his bad luck, and not to his bad play, he's the most reconciled creature to his losses imaginable.— Hah! yonder's his Grace too, and Lord Tallman; let's after them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John Medium and Sir Calculation.

Sir John.—I'm surprised, Sir Calculation, that your repeated ill success

success at play should not give you an utter distaste, and make you forswear ever touching a card more.

Sir Cal.—I have lost some thousands in my life, that's certain; but who can help ill luck, Sir John?—I'm allowed to play the game for all that.

Sir John.—By those you lose your money with, I suppose, who, behind your back, only make a jest of you for't. I should hate, methinks, to pay for being laughed at.

Sir Cal.—Laughed at! ha, ha, ha! all imagination, my dear; by whom?—by whom?

Sir John.—Why, there's Lord Bubbleboy, and Capt. Rookwood.

Sir Cal.—Oh, they! ay, they indeed might very well laugh; I was a mere novice at the game when I lost with them.

Sir John.—Do you think too, your losing a thousand to that infamous sharper, Gorgeit, afforded no raillery in town?

Sir Cal.—Phoo, pox! Let us distinguish a little—that was from the oddity of the circumstance, and not from the badness of my play.—That certainly was the most out-of-the-way bite that ever was heard of.—Upon the pinch of the game, when he must infallibly have lost it, the dog ate the losing card, by which means we dealt again, and faith he won the game.

Sir John.—'Twas by some such laudable practices, I suppose, that you suffered in your last affair with Lurchum.

Sir Cal.—O gad, no, Sir John—never any thing was fairer, nor was ever any thing so critical.—We were nine all. The adverse party three, and we four tricks. All the trumps were out. I had queen and two small clubs, with the lead. Let me see—It was about 222 and 3 halves to—gad, I forgot how many—that my partner had the ace and king—let me recollect—ay—that he had one only was about 31 to 26.—That he had not both of them 17 to 2,—and that he had not one, or both, or neither, some 25 to 30.—So I, according to the judgment of the game, led a club, my partner takes it with the king. Then it was exactly 481 for us to 222 against them. He returns the same suit; I win it with my queen, and return it again; but the devil take that Lurchum, by passing his ace twice, he took the trick, and having two more clubs and a thirteenth card, I-gad, all was over.—But they both allowed I played admirably well for all that.

Sir John.—So it may be said of young Stakeland, possibly, who is in a fair way nevertheless of losing all in his power to lose.

Sir Cal.—As to young Stakeland, we all know he is very far from understanding the game. I've often told him so, and advised him to leave off while he was well. But he will play and lose because he sees his Grace, and other people do so.

Sir John.—He's not the last I dare say that will suffer, because 'tis the fashion. And here comes one that will make my words good, or I mistake.—My Lord Slim, your most obedient.

Enter Lord Slim.

Ld. Slim.—Sir John Medium—Sir Calculation—Wish me joy, my dear friends,—I'm * entered i'faith—Not one black ball, by Jupiter.

* In the club at White's, being a select company above stairs, where no person, of what rank soever, is admitted, without being first proposed by one of the Club a week before. The method of admission is by ballot.

Sir

Sir John.—I share in any thing gives your Lordship pleasure.

Sir Cal.—And I heartily.—I rejoice to see your Lordship a member of a club, which, without exception, is the most elegant one in Europe—I must add too, I think no one has a more just pretension;—The progress your Lordship has made for the time you have studied under the Professor is wonderful.—Pray, has your Lordship seen the dear man to day?

Ld. Slim.—O yes.—His Grace sate him down at my house, and I have just lent him my chariot into the city.—How do you like the last edition of his Treatise with the appendix, Sir Calculation? I mean that signed with his name.

Sir Cal.—O gad, my Lord, there never was so excellent a book printed,—I'm quite in raptures with it. I will eat with it—sleep with it—go to court with it—go to Parliament with it—go to Church with it. I pronounce it the gospel of whist-players; and the laws of the game ought to be wrote in golden letters, and hung up in coffee-houses, as much as the Ten Commandments in parish churches.

Sir John.—Ha, ha, ha! You speak of the book with the zeal of a primitive father.

Sir Cal.—Not half enough, Sir John—the calculations are so exact!

Sir John.—As exact, perhaps, as our warriors at Carthagena, who computed twenty thousand when one did the business.

Sir Cal.—O pox, no—the Professor is no such blunderer—his observations are quite masterly! his rules so comprehensive! his cautions so judicious! There are such variety of cases in his Treatise, and the principles are so new, I want words to express the author, and can look on him in no other light than as a second Newton.

Sir John.—Who, possibly, may stand in as much need of being explained.

Lord Slim.—I find you han't read it, Sir John?

Sir John.—Nor do I intend to do it, my Lord.

Ld. Slim.—What, not such a master-piece of science! How I pity thee!

Sir Cal.—Ay, dear Lord Slim, let us roast him a little.

Ld Slim.—A book so universally admir'd!

Sir Cal.—And that ought to be taught in all schools, especially of the mathematics.

Ld. Slim.—Positive. I have join'd twelve companies in the Mall, and eleven of them were talking of it.—It's the subject of all conversations, and has had the honour to be introduced into the Cabinet. Why, thou'lt be laugh'd at intolerably unless you can tell how many hundred and odd it is for, or against one, that your partner has, or has not such a card, or such a card.

Sir Cal.—Right my Lord; a man would now make as odd a figure without understanding Whist, as he would in not knowing how to make a bow.

Sir John.—That may be.

Ld. Slim.—Where lies your objection, Sir John? The book is absolutely useful, and purely calculated for preventing the less knowing in the game, from being imposed upon by those of superior skill.

Sir John.—I rather think it will make the generality of them worse players. It may confirm the adept, but will only confound the unskilful. And with respect to its utility, where one will use it to prevent his being imposed upon himself, I dare

say

say a hundred will study it in order to impose upon others. I must therefore abide by my opinion, that I can see no good this Treatise can be productive of, any other, than that as some people will only die by the rules of art, so our fine gentlemen and ladies have an opportunity given them of ruining one another by the rules of *Whist*.

Sir Cal.—Prithee don't grow grave. Upon my soul, my sister will never like thee, if thou talkest at this rate. She's a great proficient herself, and studies under the Professor. Capt. Rookwood will certainly rival thee, if thou dost not take care. I tell thee this as a friend. Come, away with this unfashionable aversion to all play.

Sir John.—You mistake me, Sir Calculation. I like play, but am an enemy to gaming. I make it my diversion, as a relaxation, but not as a trade to impose upon, or create a general spirit of avarice in mankind. Considered as an amusement, it is innocent and agreeable; but when it becomes a science, it sinks into the worst and most scandalous of professions, and puts the man of quality upon a level with common gamblers. The spirit of gaming, like that of drinking, is growing into an excess, that I wish may not one day prove of very dangerous consequence to this nation. I have made it an observation, that in those countries where the spirit of gaming prevails most, there is the least of public liberty; and the reason is obvious: they are indulged the greater latitude in the former, as a sort of equivalent for the loss of the latter.

Sir Cal.—Egad, you remind me, Sir John, of an observation I have made too, which is, that as long as *Quadrille* and *Ombre* were the games in vogue, we certainly were under French influence. Whereas now *Whist* is come in fashion, you see our politics are improved upon us. We have thrown off all mean dependance; and positive, I think the spirit of the new ministry may be fairly ascribed to this turn of taste in favour of *Whist*.

Sir John.—Ha! ha! ha! a very nouvelle discovery!

Ld. Slim—But, Sir Calculation, we forget ourselves. Is Sir John for White's?

Sir Cal.—No. I suppose he'll join my sister yonder——

Ld. Slim.——Allons! Sir John, your's. [*Exit with Sir Cal.*

Sir John.—— Your Lordship's most obedient—Ay—here's Arabella with Lady Deuce. Capt. Rookwood with them too! Damn that fellow, I'll not join them.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lady Deuce, Arabella, and Captain Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—I'm mistaken if you are not mine to-night, Mrs. Arabella. And 'twill be a master-stroke to make an old mistress subservient in getting a new one. [*aside.*] Dear Lady Deuce, prevail on Arabella to give us her company to-night.—A fine opportunity for your Ladyship to repair the ill run of last night.

[*Aside to Lady Deuce.*]

Lady Deuce.——Arabella, you shall go.

Ara.--Dear creature, don't tempt me. I've been so unlucky of late, that, as much as I admire play, I'm half determined never to touch a card again.

Lady Deuce.—Ridiculous! han't you seen that I have been broke twenty times, and received all again by one good hand or two. Come, come, you must go. I have promised Lady Tenace to bring you.

There

There will be a deal of charming company.

Ara.—Her ladyship has certainly the politest assembly in town, and I never saw any thing that might call a woman's conduct in question to be witness of; yet I can tell you, every body does not judge so favourably.

Lady Deuce.—What, Sir John Medium, I suppose?

Capt. Rook.—He, I dare say, my lady.

Lady Deuce.—Well, Arabella, I'll say nothing; but if ever you marry that man, you'll be miserable.

Ara.—Your reason? Not that I intend any such thing, but should like to know what objections you have to him.

Lady Deuce.—Nay, he's a very pretty fellow, and has a good estate; but he has the gravity of 50 at 25, and you may judge what he'll be when he comes to be 50 indeed. In short, he thinks too much; and a man who prescribes rules to himself, will certainly lay his wife under the same.—I hate dull moderation.

Capt. Rook.—Very true; what is any pleasure when one is under certain restrictions not to exceed such or such bounds in it! But this is nothing to the assembly, my lady.

Lady Deuce.—I protest, Arabella, if you don't go, I'll tell all the world you stay away to oblige Sir John.

Ara.—You are resolved to take no denial, I find.

Lady Deuce.—You'll be there, then?

Ara.——Since you'll have it so. Are you for the other turn?

Lady Deuce.—With all my heart, my dear. [*Exeunt.*

To be continued.

MOOSE DEER OF CANADA,

AND

OTHER PARTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

THIS beast (the *Orignac* of the French) is larger than a middle-sized ox, and high in proportion; in form, it much resembles the European Stag or Red Deer. This is the largest of the deer kind yet known; its horns, however, which are broad, palmated, and six feet wide, are not equal in extent to the fossil deer-horns dug up in Ireland, &c. which frequently measure ten feet and upwards, and are consequently a different species from the Moose Deer: these latter have usually three fawns at a time; the flesh is not dry, but moist and luscious. This creature is slow of foot, and usually harbours in thick and extensive swamps. The Indians are peculiarly fond of their tongues, smoked and dried.

The following is the French account of the Orignac or Orignal, in M. De Mont's Description of Canada; *anno* 1604:—

"The Orignac is the tallest creature except the camel, being higher than the horse; its hair a grey dun, near as long as one's finger; his head very long, with fine teeth; he carries his horns like a stag, which have palms as broad as a plank, three feet wide, garnished with sprigs or antlers, growing upwards all along the outward side; his feet like a stag's, but flatter; the flesh short and delicate; he feeds in meadows, and on the tender tops of trees."

The Moose-Deer's horn seems to agree very nearly with those of the Elk of Sweden, Poland, Russia, &c. &c.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ASCOT-Heath Races, which commenced on the 9th of June, were honoured with the company of her Majesty and the five Princesses, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Cumberland, Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex. During the second day's sport, her Majesty observed, that as a Plate was given by his Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, she would also give a 50l. Plate, to be run for by the beaten horses.

BIBURY Races, from the absence of the Prince and Mr. Mellish, have gone off rather flat: many horses have walked over the course, there being no competitors. The Welter Stakes were won by the Prince of Wales's Pedestrian. On the last day there was some good sport—a better race was never run than that between Pic-Nic and Harry; won by half a head by the former.—There were four heats for the 50l. plate, which was won by Mr. Biggs's Bassanio. Ten started.—Two horses fell under Mr. D. Radcliffe the first day, but he received no injury. Lord Sackville's famous horse Whirligig, in running a private trial previous to the races, broke his thigh, and was afterwards shot.

THE Earl of Lonsdale has purchased Sir Gilbert Heathcote's fox-hounds. His Lordship and the Duke of Rutland have likewise purchased the fox-hounds and hunting establishment of the Duke of Leeds, to be divided between the kennels at Belvoir and Cottesmore.

FOOT-RACE.—The long-depending race between Cooke, the soldier, and the Brighton Shepherd, for fifty guineas a side, took place on Monday, June 22, at half past eight in the evening, in Lord's Cricket Ground. Four o'clock was the hour appointed, in consequence of which a great concourse of people had assembled, but was postponed, on account of the grand cricket-match between Lord Fred. Beauclerc and Mr. Mellish. At seven o'clock, nearly 2000 persons were on the ground. The distance was measured, from the Subscribers' Stand to the paling, 140 yards, and the spectators were ranged in a line on each side. Bets ran high upon the Shepherd, who was the favourite. At twenty minutes past eight, the two champions walked up and down the course, after which they both stripped, and the signal being made for starting, they ran nearly equal for the first hundred yards. The Shepherd then took the lead, and won without much difficulty, his competitor having given him two yards at coming in. They performed the race in ten seconds. Several sporting gentlemen were present; among whom were, Lord F. Beauclerc, the Hon. M. Upton, the Hon. Mr. Bligh, Colonel Maitland, Captain Bucket, George Leicester, Esq. Messrs. Freemantle, Hammond, and F. Ladbroke. Several of the noted pugilists were also on the ground.

The Game of Cricket, played on Pennenden Heath, Kent, on Monday, the 1st instant, between the Yalding Club and eleven select Gentlemen, was decided in favour of the latter, having four wickets to go down.

The long-pending foot-race between the two noted runners, Barrow and Dyson, for 200 guineas a side, a distance of twenty rods, was also determined, on the same day, on Pennenden Heath, in the presence of a numerous assemblage, in favour of Barrow, who beat his antagonist about a foot and a half.— The distance was run over in ten seconds; evincing an exertion almost unparalleled, and it was difficult to discern which was the winner.

The grand match of Cricket, for one thousand guineas, between eight Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with Lambert, Beldam, and Hammond, against Eleven of all England, was decided in Lord's Ground, on Thursday, the 9th, in favour of the Club, by nine wickets.

At Eastry, Kent, the 8th inst. a single wicket match of Cricket, for twenty guineas, between Mr. Marshall, of the Maiden Sole Club, and Mr. Fagg, of Eastry, was won by the latter, by six runs.

A grand match of Cricket was played, on Wednesday, the 3d of June, in the Earl of Essex's Park, Cashiobury, Herts, between eleven Gentlemen of the Rickmersworth New Club, and eleven Gentlemen of the Rickmersworth Old Club, for one hundred guineas a side, which was won by the former, having eight wickets to go down.

The grand match of Cricket in Lord's Ground, on Monday, the 15th instant, between six Gentlemen and five players of Hampshire, against six Gentlemen and five players of England, for one thousand guineas a side, was decided on the Wednesday following, in favour of the former, by twenty-four runs.

The grand match of Cricket for 1000gs a side, between two select elevens, made by Lord F. Beauclerc and T. Mellish, Esq. was decided in favour of the latter, on Wednesday, in Lord's Ground, by one innings and 37 runs.

On Monday, June 15, a great number of persons from various parts assembled on the road between Bridgwater and Bristol, being the spot fixed for determining a wager upon the exertions of a horse, which was to go in a gig 100 miles within the space of 16 hours. The day was remarkably hot and sultry; notwithstanding which, the poor animal performed the merciless task in thirteen hours, without eating a grain of corn.

A horse, the property of Captain Cotton, of the Guards, on Thursday, the 18th, won a considerable sum, by carrying upwards of eight stone ten times round the lines of Chatham; the distance is exactly twenty miles, and the journey was performed in 53 minutes eight seconds.

On Friday, the 4th of June, a Mr. Stevens, for a bet of 450 guineas, undertook to go on foot, from the Woolpack, at St. Alban's, to Finsbury-square, a distance of 21 miles, in three hours. He started at a quarter before two in the morning, and arrived at the spot at four. He ran in the first hour seven miles and a half, in the second ten, and in the last quarter three and a half.

Lately,

Lately, one of the stage coaches on the North road ran from London to Stamford, a distance of ninety miles, in nine hours and four minutes. The passengers, four in number, breakfasted and dined on the road, so that it must have run at the rate of twelve miles an hour all the time of travelling.

Cruelty to Horses.—The Magistrates lately fined a farmer's servant, in the parish of Foveran, in Cumberland, on the complaint of his master, 5l. sterling, for abusing the horses under his charge.

Richard Chapman, a stout man, aged forty, a native of Castle Bytham, Lincolnshire, was convicted a short time since, before the Rev. Samuel Hopkinson, Clerk, of treating his master's horses with great barbarity, and was, in consequence of so abominable an offence, immediately dismissed his service with the entire loss of wages, and fined two guineas, besides paying all expences.

A bay gelding, belonging to Birchenwood Farm, in the New Forest, died a few days since, in consequence of some evil-disposed person or persons having violently forced several nails, stones, &c. into his stomach.

A stone, weighing 1 lb. 10 oz. was found on opening a a fine cart-horse, which died at Liverpool this month. It nearly resembles a heart in shape, but its apex is flatter; it is in length near four inches, the colour of bronze, and so hard as to be capable of polish. The horse was in excellent health and spirits, but galloping quickly on being let loose in the field, the stone broke through the intestine which inclosed it, and caused the almost sudden death of the animal.

A few days ago, a rat's nest was found by a terrier dog, at Netherhall, in Cumberland, within five yards of the river Ellin; in which were found, the old she-rat, ten young ones, and 57 lamprey eels, of which more than 30 were alive.

Some time ago, a gentleman in Aberdeen removed the nest of a bulfinch, with four eggs in it, from a hedge, and placed it in a cage in his room, where he kept a cock and hen canary. The hen immediately placed herself on the eggs, and continued to sit until she had brought out the birds. The cock supplied his mate with food during the incubation, and is now equally attentive in feeding the young.

On Monday, the 8th instant, the pitched battle, between Tom Belcher and Jack in the Green, took place at Moulsey Hurst; when, after thirteen rounds, hard fighting, it was decided in favour of Belcher. At setting-to, bets were equal, and continued so for the first four rounds; after which, Belcher proved himself the most expert boxer.—Three other battles were afterwards decided between persons of inferior note in the science; and the day's amusements concluded with a bull-bait.

Female Pugilism.—At Bines-Green Fair, West Grinstead, a pitched battle was fought between two Amazonian *fair* ones, in which no small degree of courage and scientific skill were displayed.—Twenty sharp rounds were fought with various success, but at the end of the twenty-first round, a knock-down blow gave the victory to the youngest, an active damsel of twenty-four years of age; her antagonist, who appeared about forty, though

though second-best in this affair, displayed great bottom, and was much applauded for her style of fighting by the amateurs present. These women, like the *fistic* professors of the other sex, were unincumbered by clothes from the waist upwards; they were attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, and exhibited in a well-kept ring of very large dimensions.

A PUGILISTIC controversy lately took place at a public rout, between two ladies highly distinguished in the fashionable circles, not only for their beauty and accomplishments, but their *mildness* of disposition; one unfortunately retired with a *black eye*, and the other with a *scratched nose*.

ON Thursday, the 25th instant, died, at Newmarket, in the 59th year of his age, Mr. John Fuller, many years Clerk of the Course.

AN inquest was held, on Monday, the 15th of June, before Chas. Jemmett, Esq. Coroner for the county of Surrey, on Mrs. Ann Black, of Hawkesbury-place, Walworth; when it appeared, that between one and two o'clock, on Friday, the 12th, a groom, described as a tall slim lad, in a fustian stable jacket and trowsers or overalls, on a dark chesnut or bay horse, and Peter Moore, servant to Mr. Hughes, butcher, of Walworth, were riding full gallop towards Camberwell, when, nearly opposite West-lane, the horse on which the groom rode struck the deceased; she never spoke, and died in about an hour. The groom rode through the turnpike, and towards Denmark-hill.—The Jury brought in their verdict, *Accidental Death*, and Peter Moore, who had been apprehended and committed, was discharged.

HORSE-STEALER Detected.—William Pearce, alias Price, alias Pugh, alias Jones, apprehended on various charges of hiring horses to go a short distance, and selling them, was re-examined before the Sitting Magistrate at Bow-street, on the 15th instant, when the following persons exhibited charges against him:—John Fox, Ostler, at the Rose and Plough, Leicester, stated, that on the 19th of May last the prisoner hired a horse to go to Hickley, which he went away with, but had never returned it.—Thomas Woodward, of the High-street, Oxford, stated, that he hired a horse on the 7th of May, which he never returned.—The prisoner was fully committed on these charges.

AT the Public Office, Worship-street, on Monday, the 15th, the noted Major Semple was charged with having defrauded two *ladies*, near Fitzroy-square, of broaches and ear-rings, under pretence of having them ornamented by his own jewellers. On the Saturday previous, he took the same ladies to a tavern, near Sadler's Wells, where, after dining and enjoying themselves, he called for the bill, the amount of which was 2l. He went to the mistress of the house, and told her of his awkward situation, in having, by *mistake*, come from home without cash, but, for security, would leave in her possession a broach, value 22l. Being, however, recognised by a gentleman, he was taken into custody.—There not being sufficient grounds to constitute a felony, he was discharged: but one of the *ladies* exhibited another charge against him, of stealing her pocket-handkerchief, which he declared he had only *borrowed*.—He was, however, liberated.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

JOTHAM;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A BRACE OF BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

OLD Plum, who, though bless'd in his Kentish retreat,
Still thrives by his oil-shop in Leadenhall-street,
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a Borough in Cornwall receiv'd invitation—
Well assur'd of each vote, well equipp'd from the alley,
In quest of election adventures they sally.

Tho' much they discours'd, the long way to beguile,
Of the Whigs and the Tories, and living in style,
Of the Irish, the Stocks, and the Lott'ry Committee,
They came silent, and tir'd, into Exeter city.
" Some books, pr'ythee landlord, to pass a dull hour;
" No nonsense of parsons, or methodists sour;
" No poetical stuff, no damn'd jingle of rhymes,
" But some pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the times."
" O Lord!" says mine host, " you may hunt the town round,
" I question if any such thing can be found;
" I never was ask'd for a book by a guest;
" And I'm sure I have all the great folk of the West;
" None of these, to my knowledge, e'er call'd for a book—
" But see, Sir, the woman with fish, and the cook;
" Here's the fattest of carp—shall we dress you a brace?
" Would you have any soals, or a mullet, or plaise?"
" *Place*," quoth the knight, " we must have to be sure;
" But first let us see that our borough's secure;
" We'll talk of the *place* when we've settled the poll—
" You may dress us for supper the mullet and soal.
" But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,
" For a book we must have, we're quite tir'd of ourselves."—
" In troth, Sir, I ne'er had a book in my life,
" But the Pray'r-book and Bible I bought for my wife."
" Well, the Bible must do—but why don't you take in
" Some monthly collection—the *Sports Magazine*?"

The Bible was brought, and laid on the table,
And open'd at Jotham's most apposite fable.
Sir Freeport began with this verse, tho' no rhyme—
" The trees of the forest went forth on a time"—
To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to transplant—but elect.
" To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,
" But by both were refus'd, and the answer the same.
" Quoth the olive, ' Shall I leave my fatness and oil
' For an unthankful office—a dignified toil?'—

' Shall

'Shall I leave,' quoth the fig-tree, 'my sweetness and fruit,
'To be envy'd, and slav'd, in so vain a pursuit?'—
"Thus rebuff'd, and surpris'd, they applied to the vine:
"He answer'd, 'Shall I leave my grapes and my wine,
'(Wine, the sovereign cordial of god and of man)
'To be made, or the tool, or the head of a clan?'
"At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,
"The mob gave the cry for 'A bramble! a bramble!
'A bramble for ever!'—O! chance unexpected!
"But bramble prevail'd, and was duly elected."

"Oh, oh!" quoth the knight, with a look most profound,
"Now I see there's some truth in *good books* to be found;
"I wish I had read this same Bible before;
"Of long miles, 'twould have saved us full many a score.
"You, Plum, with your oil and your olives had staid,
"And myself might have tarried my wines to unlade.
"What have merchants to do from their business to ramble?
"Your electioneer-errant should still be a bramble."

Thus ended at once the wise comment on Jotham,
And our Citizens jaunt to the Borough of Gotham.

MARGERY MUMP'S MONODY ON A DEAD PIG.

OH! why did you die?
Full often I cry,
Till to speak I no longer am able;
My comforts are fled
Since you are *gone dead*,
And I lean my sad head on the table.

Thou wilt grunt never more
In response to my snore,
When I take a short nap after dinner;
Nor more will you jump
Round Margery Mump—
By thy loss I am far from a winner.

Of all thy *sweet race*
You'd the prettiest face,
But death is a terrible fellow;
For *beauty* can't charm,
Nor save from dire harm,
The old, or the young, plump, or mellow.

No more will you hail
Of Swill the full pail,
Which so oft you have leer'd at with pleasure;
Nor more hear my cough,
At the side of the trough,
As you suck'd up the exquisite treasure.

No more will you scrub
'Gainst the old water tub,
To allay with much pleasure thy itching;
Nor more will regale
On the apples grown stale,
That I threw you from out of the kitchen.

What a wretch am I now!
But to fate I must bow,
Since my pig is gone down to the shades;
My temper's quite sour'd,
The pig can't be devour'd,
So I'll spit all my spite on *my maids!*

J. M. L.

THE RIDDLE.

I Am just two and two—I'm warm—I'm cold,
And the parent of Numbers, that never were told;
I am lawful—unlawful—a duty—a fault,
Am often sold dear—good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon—yet a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure—when taken by force.

THE SOLUTION.

Thour't an airy deceiver—a sly little elf,
Whate'er thou may'st waggishly say of thyself;
Yet the source of all transport, and foretaste of bliss
To the Lover who knows how to ravish a KISS.